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LORD STANLEY.

THE offer of a Secretaryship of State to a young man of eight-and-twenty carries one back to a former political epoch, when Fox was the favourite orator of the House of Commons before he had arrived at years of discretion—when Mr. GRENVILLE was sent to Paris to negotiate the peace with America at five-and-twenty—when PITT at three-and-twenty grasped a power which he was only to relinquish with his life. The history of the world, says Mr. DISRAELI, is the history of youth. The date of the baptismal register of *Sidon*—unless, indeed, the record of that memorable era were committed to less orthodox archives—when compared with that of the publication of *Coningsby*, may account for the predilection of the novelist for the exact age of thirty-seven. Unfortunately for the theory—perhaps for the country—youth has of late years been rather at a discount. The history of the world in our days has been rather the history of men of seventy. Our Senate—at least the governing portion of it—has been selected on the principle of that of ROMULUS, and grey hairs have seemed hardly less essential to a Cabinet than blue blood. But our experience of age does not indispose us for trying the experiment of youth. Lord ROCKINGHAM, embarked in a critical negotiation, would probably have been disinclined to exchange the boyish discretion of JOHN GRENVILLE for the sexagenarian rashness of a modern plenipotentiary; and the historical critic of public manners might prefer the youthful dignity of PITT to the venerable petulance of our own Treasury Bench.

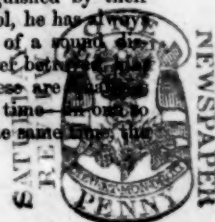
The brilliant position which it is understood that Lord STANLEY has declined is one of which, in these times, hardly any other man at his age could have had the refusal, and one which none but himself probably would have refused. Fortune, it is true, has done much for Lord STANLEY; but Fortune, like Hercules, helps only those who help themselves. The leading post to which so young a politician has been designated on the political stage is due not more to the peculiar felicity of his position than to the singular strength of his character. The heir of the house of DERBY, fresh from the Cambridge Class List, was introduced into political life under auspices which fall to the lot of few aspirants in the lists of ambition. Such antecedents, in a far less able man, would have justified the situation which the son occupied in his father's Administration; but to be preferred, by the respect of an adverse party and a hostile connexion, to a post which parental partiality had not ventured to assign him, is a recognition of political influence far beyond the scope of social and accidental advantages.

From the commencement of his public career, Lord STANLEY's course has been marked by an almost precocious prudence, which could alone have guided him through the difficulties of the intricate and entangled situation into which he was inevitably cast by his personal and party connexions. One might well imagine that the thorns which the early politics of Sir ROBERT PEEL had prepared for his maturer statesmanship presented themselves as a wholesome warning to the imagination of the youthful Tory. During the last spasmodic years of the Protectionist struggle, the son of Lord DERBY and the successor of Lord GEORGE BENTINCK listened in discreet and contemptuous silence to the statistics and the schemes of his party coadjutors. And when Mr. DISRAELI propounded his memorable budget of compensation, Lord STANLEY wisely left its vindication to those who had either less sagacity or more of the spirit of self-sacrifice than himself. A brilliant essayist has drawn, from the well-known picture of HOGARTH, an illustration of the dangerous allurements with which the political procurer solicited the youth of his colleague. But virtue, by the help of prudence, is sometimes a match for art. The financial reputation of Mr. DISRAELI

was wrecked, and Lord STANLEY was not compromised by its collapse. HOGARTH might, indeed, supply an illustration of the situation of his colleagues, but it would be found in the print where the industrious apprentice sees with regret his companion embark for the colonies. On his return to the Opposition benches, he abstained, with a marked caution, from participation in the ephemeral political movements by which those who wish to be party-leaders keep together a party which they hope to lead. Lord STANLEY was not blind himself, neither did he desire to conduct those of his friends who happened to be so afflicted into a ditch. On the contrary, he addicted himself, with diligent study and thoughtful research, to the neutral question of popular education. A paper which he published on the newspaper-stamp was one of the ablest discussions of a difficult subject which had appeared for many years. On one question alone, in which party-feelings largely mix, he pronounced with a decision, and argued with a closeness of reasoning, which gave satisfactory proof of an independent judgment and an enlarged mind. The principle of religious toleration, in its most liberal sense, has no more faithful disciple or logical defender than Lord STANLEY. In the course which he has adopted with respect to Maynooth, the Jew Bill, and the question of Church Rates, he has given convincing proof that he is not to be deterred, by the fear of giving offence to his party, from carrying out with consistency any conclusions to which his deliberate convictions may have conducted him.

Lord STANLEY has shown, as well on this class of questions as in the debates on the Indian Government, a boldness and independence which make it probable that it was not the consideration of party connexions which mainly induced him to decline the brilliant offer by which Lord PALMERSTON has sought to tempt him. We need not even seek in domestic and personal relations the solution of a self-denial which is abundantly explained by his own situation and by the circumstances of the time. Lord STANLEY is a young man, and he cannot but know that, in the long run, his success must be certain. No man can better afford to bide his time. In a personal point of view, it would have been the height of imprudence to involve himself in a Government and a policy which at this moment are evidently in a transition state. It is clear that, on the subject of the war, Lord STANLEY has thought earnestly, though he has spoken (as is his wont) with reserve; and at this moment, when the Ministers themselves probably know as little as any one else whether they are about to extend the limits of the struggle or to open the road to negotiations, we can readily understand how injurious it would be to the prospects of a young statesman to be committed to their decision without being able to influence it. Instead of feeling surprised at his declining the proffered distinction, we are more disposed to wonder that a Premier, who is nothing if not a War Minister, should have hoped to strengthen his Cabinet by the addition of a statesman whose name, to say the least, is not popularly identified with what is meant by the "vigorous prosecution of the war."

While Lord STANLEY's abilities are of a less brilliant order than those of his father, we regard his political success as far more certain. Nature has denied him the dangerous gift of a fluent elocution; but, on the other hand, his speeches bear the stamp of patient study, and his political conduct is marked by that prudent steadiness which in this country is the true foundation of public confidence. His intellect is of a solid order, and his reasoning powers are distinguished by their logical rigour. With remarkable self-control, he has always kept his ambition under the government of a sound discretion, and the love of distinction has never betrayed him into rash or even unnecessary display. These are qualities rare enough to be found in any man at this time—rare, indeed, in young men, they are perhaps unexampled. At the same time, the



candid critic, while he scans with interest a character which is probably destined to have a weighty influence on the future of this country, will find eminent merits counterbalanced by serious defects. Lord STANLEY, so far from being guilty of "the atrocious crime of being a young man," has the fault of being too old for his age. In escaping the rashness, he seems to want something of the enthusiasm, of youth. The reasoning faculty is developed in him in a degree disproportionate to the imaginative. Hence it comes that there is something of harshness in his political views, and his sentiments command respect rather than sympathy. This tendency of character leads him to occupy himself in his political and social schemes chiefly with the material, which is far from being always the most real, aspect of a subject. Thus it happens that he produces his ideas in a form more attractive to the analytical inquirer than adapted to influence the sympathies of the people—a frame of mind admirable in a philosopher, but disadvantageous to a practical statesman.

Independently of his personal merits, Lord STANLEY has one advantage, which the mediocrity of the times has given him, in the singularity of his position. In the younger generation there is scarcely any conspicuous politician, with the exception of himself, upon whom hope and expectation can rest. We may well, therefore, rejoice in the belief that a man who is likely to have the game so completely in his own hands is prepared to play it with honesty, prudence, and capacity. And if the disciples of a more liberal school of politics ever feel disposed to regret the accident of birth which has cast the lot of Lord STANLEY in a stationary and obstructive party, they need not veil their feelings in the old apostrophe, *talis quum sis utinam noster esses*; for we have seen enough to assure us that, if he is not so already, the bent of his own mind and the necessities of his situation must before long render him wholly ours.

THE JUDGMENT OF THE GERMAN PEOPLE ON OUR DIPLOMACY.

THE observations and opinions of foreigners upon the institutions and the policy of a country have been dignified by the title of contemporaneous history. Our neighbours view our acts with a judgment unclouded by the prejudices, the party passions, and the conventional morality which influence our conduct and warp our own criticism of ourselves. We shall do well, therefore, to inquire, what are the opinions of foreign countries on the diplomacy of England, as displayed in the management of her dispute with Russia? We must, indeed, challenge the jury, and take care that those whose verdict we ask have no favour or affection towards either of the parties interested. To ask the opinion of France, for example, would be like asking our own. She may be, and she is, as competent as any to criticize our conduct in the field; but in diplomacy she has been our confederate, and to invite her to acquit or condemn us were to invite her to acquit or condemn herself. We need not look far, however, for a tribunal whose judgment, whether favourable or unfavourable, will at least be entitled to our respectful attention. Any conclusion at which the German people may have arrived as to our conduct in this great European controversy will justly derive weight from the reflective character of the minds from which it emanates. They have leanings, it is true, and their interests are deeply involved; but those leanings and interests are rather favourable to us than otherwise. No doubt throughout Germany, and especially in Prussia and Bavaria, there are classes deeply impregnated with Russian partisanship; but the general body of the people are thoroughly anti-Russian in their feelings. It may be profitable, therefore, to inquire what view is taken by the German nation—not the German sovereigns, nobles, or military classes, but the great mass of the educated community—of the conduct of England in the negotiations of last spring; and we shall the better appreciate this verdict of "contemporary history" after briefly retracing the facts on which it is based.

The history of the Vienna Conferences may be regarded as a striking example of the effect of our form of government on the action of our diplomacy. The famous Four Points were the joint work of the Four Powers, then allied against Russia. It matters not now to inquire into their merits. There they were—presenting the outline, at any rate, of the terms of peace which the Four Powers had agreed to demand, and of the securities for the future maintenance of those

terms. The terms were contained in the first, second, and fourth points—the securities in the third. This third point stipulated for the cessation of Russian preponderance in the Black Sea; and the English negotiators proposed to effect the object by a limitation of the Russian fleet. They proposed this nakedly, and by itself, and unaccompanied by any security for the limitation; for the making its infraction a *casus belli* was a penalty so disproportionate to the kind of occasion which would call it forth, that, in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, it obviously could not be inflicted. Nevertheless, the Russians rejected it, and rejected it in language which implied that they would listen to no proposal of limitation—infringing, as they considered that it did, the right of sovereignty of the EMPEROR in his own dominions. But they themselves made a counter proposal—that the cessation of their preponderance in the Black Sea should be effected, not by the limitation of the Russian, but by the introduction of the Western fleets, in such numbers, and at such periods, as the Sultan might consider requisite to ensure the safety of his dominions.

Without going into detail on the intricate question of the *mare clausum* and the *mare liberum*, it may be said that the effect of this proposal, so long as Russia is the power of which Turkey is apprehensive, would be to make the Bosphorus an open passage to us, and a closed one against Russia—a state of things so obviously disadvantageous to her that it is difficult to understand how her plenipotentiaries could have proposed it. There is no doubt, indeed, that a Russian fleet, susceptible of unlimited augmentation, might require the presence of a counterpoise of forces so large as to render the burden intolerably onerous to us. The French, however, saw at once, in this right of counterpoise, the true accompaniment to limitation—the effectual penalty on its evasion; and they proposed terms combining the two principles. These, again, were improved upon and rendered more stringent by Austria, whose propinquity to the Black Sea made her, on this head, far more sharp-sighted than ourselves. Count BUOL proposed two forms of ultimatum, undertaking, in the event of Russia refusing both, that Austria should join in the war. But the whole scheme was, without discussion, summarily and unhesitatingly refused by our Cabinet; and the EMPEROR of the FRENCH consented to waive his own judgment, in consideration of the paramount importance of maintaining the alliance of the Western Powers.

There are one or two very remarkable passages in Lord CLARENDON's despatches to Vienna during the Conferences, which, though contradictory in themselves, throw some light on these transactions. The British Minister first complained to Lord WESTMORELAND that Austria would make no proposals except such as would be acceptable to Russia; and he very properly refused to adopt conditions which he considered unduly favourable to the enemy. But when the final terms which we have described were proposed, they were almost contumeliously rejected by Lord CLARENDON, on the ground that they were certain to be refused by Russia; and Austria herself admitted that the Court of St. Petersburg was not likely to accept conditions which were, in fact, more stringent than those which it had already refused. In the event, however, of their being rejected, Austria undertook to join against Russia, and to compel her, by force of arms, to accept them. It has been asserted that, in this undertaking, she was not sincere, and such may probably have been the case; but, at any rate, the fact would have been easily tested, and, if she had been found sincere, her armed co-operation would have changed the whole aspect of the campaign.

Read these transactions without reference to events at home, and our diplomacy seems inexplicable; but recollect the expression of public feeling in this country, and we have the key to the enigma. The English people are the most unmilitary, but the most martial people in Europe. They maintain no army in peace—that is, no army in a state of military efficiency—and they even boast that they do not. But, once engaged in war, our men fight like heroes—supplying the want of skill by an enduring as well as a reckless courage. At the period of the Vienna Conferences, the whole martial spirit of the country had been aroused. The eyes of the nation had been fixed, as those of one man, on the battle fields rendered present to our imaginations by the graphic and exciting pens of the Tacituses of the morning journals. Little cared we here in England for diplomatists and their Four Points. The diplomatists we devoutly believed to be both pedants and blunderers, and the Four

Points might have been forty without ensuring one jot more interest or attention. We had attacked Sebastopol. We had said that we would take it; and take it we would. Peace without the capture would be failure, and failure would be public disgrace. This was the instinct of the nation; and we think, like most national instincts, it was a noble and a sacred one. We do not dispute Mr. GLADSTONE's doctrine, that to fight for glory only is wicked and unchristian, but we do entirely dissent from what seemed to be the application of his doctrine to the present case. The reputation for military power is a security for peace. If this be true in Europe, still more is it true in Asia, where we have vast possessions conquered by our sword, and held by its repute; and where Russia is the only other great European State known to the tribes within or beyond our frontier. There is no doubt that the non-completion of a great military operation like the siege of Sebastopol would, throughout Asia, have been represented as a signal failure of our arms. Fighting for the capture of Sebastopol was fighting, therefore, for something more than glory—it was fighting for the *prestige* of success on which the peace and security of our Indian empire rest. The Government, quick to feel the throbbing pulse of the nation, saw what would be their fate if peace were concluded, whatever might be the terms, while despatches were still dated from "before" Sebastopol. They saw that, in the Russian refusal to accede to limitation, they had had a great escape. They felt now that, at all hazards, the Conferences must be broken off. Their terror lest Russia should yield all was so great, that they would not hazard even the Austrian, or rather French proposals, which they had themselves said that the CZAR could never accept. Indeed, the language and demeanour of the Russian envoys at the last conference were such—so eager were they to retract their original and seemingly peremptory rejection of the principle of limitation—that there appeared to be ground for apprehending that, in another twenty-four hours, they would swallow everything as at first proposed.

Here, then, the whole course of diplomatic action was arrested and severed by the sudden intervention of the popular, or rather the national, feeling. To us the proceeding seems natural, the intervention necessary, and the result good. The nation was wiser than its rulers. But in what light is our conduct regarded by Europe, and especially by that enlightened and instructed people in whose verdict we have, perhaps, the best attainable approximation to the future judgment of history? The Germans do not understand that sudden change. The fitful action of public opinion on diplomacy is inexplicable to them. They look upon the whole proceeding as the result of a preconceived policy, the tortuous means for attaining a predestined object. They argue thus:—"The capture of Sebastopol was a legitimate object. It might be, for your national purposes, a *sine quâ non* for peace; your military honour may have been engaged, and no nation can be blamed for making great sacrifices for the maintenance of its honour; but granting all this, if it was not necessary for you to take Sebastopol before making peace, for what purpose, in God's name, did you come to Vienna? What right had you to go through this farce (*jouer la comédie*) in the face of Europe, and hypocritically profess a readiness to treat, when in your own minds you had pre-determined that the war should be continued?"

The fact, however, is, we were not acting hypocritically, or playing a false game; but the three Powers were dealing, without knowing it, at two different periods of the negotiation, with two different entities—first, with the English Government acting on its own judgment; secondly, with the same Government acting on the expressed opinion of the nation. To the eyes of Europe, the British plenipotentiaries represented throughout the British nation; but they really expressed the opinion of England, not while they were carrying on, but only when they broke off, the negotiations. Can we wonder that the inconsistency of our course is, by men unacquainted with its motives and causes, set down to calculated duplicity? Certainly, nothing can be more erroneous than this opinion, so far as our character as a people is concerned. The case against the Government is one which we do not care to discuss; but the nation never held two languages on the subject. Still less are the Germans justified in the lofty idea they have formed of the skill and energy of our diplomacy. Willy, selfish, ambitious England is supposed to recoil from no means by which her ends may be accomplished and her aggrandisement secured. But the

truth is, our diplomacy cannot be wily, because it cannot be secret—our inevitable blue-book puts that at least out of the question. If, however, our diplomacy cannot deceive others, we continue through it to deceive ourselves; for, as the Russian diplomatists are said to write home only what will be pleasing to their EMPEROR, so, in our case, many a fact is coloured, and many suppressed, to meet the tastes and to call forth the approbation of the sovereign House of Commons. This it is which gives a vacillation to our proceedings which is doubtless unfortunate, but of which the very last thing that can be said with truth is that it is the result of calculation, or that it is practised with any consummate ability.

In this particular instance, our policy has been successful, but our reputation has grievously suffered. Even where the true explanation of our course is understood, still the nation is held to have been bound by the acts of its recognised agents. Further, the character of our public men, and, through them, that of representative institutions, has been seriously damaged. Questions of peace and war are the most momentous upon which men can be called to decide. They are not matters which can be determined either way by a simple reference to a division list. The responsibility involved is awful; and low indeed must be the moral sense of men who, in their own secret thoughts, deem peace desirable, honourable, and attainable, but, finding the popular voice against them, reject that peace, and plunge the nation deeper into war, trusting to time and accident to supply reasons or objects. We must not wonder, then, that throughout central Europe these transactions have had a disastrous effect on public opinion. They are supposed to cast back a light on the motives which actuated us in the commencement of the war. The sincerity of the pledge given by the Western Powers at the outset—that no advantage, territorial or otherwise, was sought or would be accepted by them—is now doubted. In the close alliance of France and England—two nations each of whom Germany thinks, and justly, more powerful than Russia, and whom she unjustly thinks equally unscrupulous—she sees, or suspects that she sees, far greater danger to the independence of Europe than ever she feared from the North. These fears are vain, these suspicions are unjust; but we have a lesson to learn from them. We have a Ministry with no defined policy of its own, and which is only the reflex of the popular feeling of the moment. The nation must supply its rulers with their policy, and must feel the responsibility of the part they have to play. We must decide what are our objects, and what our aims; and, having made our decision, we must steadily carry it out, with the earnestness and resolution worthy of a great people animated by a fixed and well understood purpose. We must not again have two policies in a month; or we shall create a feeling in Europe which may some day lead to another league of Great Powers, whose force may be directed against ourselves.

SOUTHWARK AND PUBLIC OPINION.

THE almost certain return of Sir CHARLES NAPIER for Southwark is pregnant with instruction on the subject of popular opinion in England. Observers of our country, who can neither be accused of malignity nor of superficiality, have asserted that the English people are beyond measure severe to their official servants; that they judge the performances of their admirals and generals by the criterion of their own ignorant impatience; that in tracing the origin of a miscarriage, they never look further back than the immediate author; and that, while they murmur and gibe at caution, they are harshly unforgiving to the inevitable consequences of gallant precipitation. That this multiform injustice cannot fairly be attributed to the whole nation, is abundantly proved by the Southwark election. Still, is there not proof the other way? and if so, what conclusion ought we to arrive at on evidence so discrepant?

Sir CHARLES NAPIER has not simply baulked the warlike ardour of his countrymen—he has trampled on every one of the decencies which it is their habit to respect and their pride to cherish. When he went out to the Baltic, he suffered the great expectations of his success, which were already entertained, to be fanned into hot intensity by an ovation, ill-judged in conception, and disreputable in event. When he came home, he brought no success with him; and he scarcely waited for his release from the laws of discipline before he startled an uncongenial audience by

denouncing the Government which it was his duty to obey in silence, and to persevere in obeying amid good report and evil. When the details of his dispute with the Admiralty became public, it turned out not only that he had declined an enterprise which many of his subordinates had thought feasible, but, as if to irritate to the utmost that which is conventionally regarded as public opinion, he had refused to attack in the teeth of *French* authority. Since then, he has violated the most sacred obligations which society imposes on a gentleman, by publishing letters which their writer had marked as "private," and by communicating correspondence to which even the editor of the *Morning Advertiser* refused to give publicity. And to what end? Simply that he may establish an immaterial fact and an irrelevant suspicion—the fact that Sir JAMES GRAHAM once complimented a notoriously reckless sailor on his unexpected caution, and the suspicion that the Admiralty was induced to demand more energetic action from the Baltic fleet by the false report of the fall of Sebastopol. Sir CHARLES NAPIER forgets the first duties of a gentleman, though he belongs to a race of gentlemen. No one ever pretended that he was a highly educated or cultivated man, though he belongs to a highly educated and cultivated profession. He is an unsuccessful commander, and—what is worse—he is an unsuccessful braggart. And yet the electors of Southwark have decided on seating him in the place of that most modest and high-souled gentleman, that most cultivated and most successful of statesmen, Sir WILLIAM MOLESWORTH.

Why is this? The plain truth is, that Sir CHARLES NAPIER has boldly thrown himself on his actual, proper countrymen, instead of appealing to their conventional representatives. He has been with them face to face, presence to presence. He has not consented to address them through a speaking-trumpet, or to see them in a glass darkly. He has gone right to them, and right to their real emotions. And he has found—what a better knowledge of history might have taught better men—that a free people, so far from habitually showing undue severity, is open to the exactly opposite reproach; that it is indulgent to a fault; that, instead of turning fiercely on unlooked-for ill-success, it retains its partialities in spite of failures almost ludicrous from their completeness; that it is so offended by the very semblance of injustice as to be infinitely readier to condemn the official censor, who seems to have done a little more than his duty, than to quarrel with the censured public servant, who appears to have done a little less. It is only true of a very limited class of Englishmen, that they are as harsh as they are capricious. It is true of the rhetoricians who have no colours in their literary paint-box except lamp-black and rose-pink. It is true of the sciolists who extemporize a theory of strategy one week, abuse the generals for not applying it the next, and conveniently forget it when it is utterly falsified the third. It is true of the sophists who are not only permitted to lecture our HANNIBALS, but allowed to harbour in their camps and draw their rations. But it is certainly not true of the great majority of the nation. We feel perfectly convinced that the experiment which has succeeded with Sir CHARLES NAPIER might have been tried in any other borough, and by any other man, with exactly similar results. Sir JAMES GRAHAM would have had equal good fortune in Carlisle; and we firmly believe that there is no man, no general or minister out of all the alleged victims of popular displeasure, with whom Sir CHARLES's bold expedient would not have prospered. But then it must be imitated exactly. There is no use in writing to a newspaper, to have your defence printed in small type, and replied to in large. There is no use in obtaining a favourable verdict from Parliament, for in the present abeyance of partisanship, the tie which unites the constituencies with their representatives is flaccid and futile. Unsuccessful public servants will only fare like the unsuccessful Admiral of the Baltic Fleet, if like him they contrive to place themselves in actual contact with the people. It is a course neither usual nor agreeable; but at present there is no other road to indulgence, and there are few other avenues to common justice.

THE NEUTRAL STATES OF EUROPE.

THE circumstances of the neutral European States are too complicated to justify any confident anticipation of their future policy. It is, of course, tolerably easy to base a theory on an arbitrary selection of facts. In the early part of the war, many plausible demonstrations were constructed to satisfy

willing believers, sometimes that Austria or Prussia must join the Western Powers, sometimes that the Holy Alliance would be revived; and of late it has been no less clearly proved that the neutrality which now exists was from the first inevitable. Experienced statesmen, however, apply an impartial scepticism alike to positive prophecies and to dogmatic explanations of the past. There is no more idle amusement than the exercise of the retrospective ingenuity which delights to sum up history in a syllogism. Conjectures as to the future have a more practical aim; but it is only by accident that they hit the mark. The more comprehensive the view, the more cautious will be the judgment; and it is more useful to examine, as far as possible, the conditions of the problem, than to anticipate the work of time by premature attempts to solve it.

England, France, and Russia may severally be influenced by conflicting interests; but each possesses a national unity which may tend to produce a simple and consistent policy. In almost every other State, the Court, the Cabinet, and perhaps public opinion, regarding political questions from different points of view, and influenced not unfrequently by opposite motives, all contribute to determine the choice of alliances, and the decision between peace and war. Territorial interests often clash with domestic politics, and the most dangerous neighbour may happen to be the most trustworthy guarantee of an existing form of government. The Court of Vienna can neither forget that Russia restored Hungary to the Austrian sceptre, nor fail to perceive that Hungary lies more than ever open to the intrigues and the arms of the CZAR. Fear itself furnishes both reasons for resistance and reasons for submission. The menacing wedge of Russian Poland, thrust between the Austrian and Prussian territories, affords real and material arguments for peace or for war, according to the dispositions which may from time to time be dominant in Germany.

Down to the fatal epoch of 1848, the traditional policy of Austria had been opposed to Russian aggrandisement. Prince METTERNICH, who had held the reins of government for forty years, after experiencing the personal hostility of ALEXANDER, was justly considered by NICHOLAS as a systematic opponent. The Court of Vienna resisted to the utmost the CZAR's assumption of the Polish crown, and in 1828 Austria was only withheld from giving armed assistance to the Turks by the complicity of France with the aggressor, and by the consequent apathy of England. But the Hungarian and Italian wars have altogether changed the position of the Austrian Empire, and the interests of the Crown are henceforth distinct from those of its subject nations. Hungary is still far more than a match for the German provinces, while beyond the Alps the Government is odious, not only to the Venetian and Lombard population, but to the subjects of all the petty tyrants who reign under foreign patronage, from the knee to the heel of Italy. It is probably the fear of disaffection in Hungary which has deterred the Court of Vienna from provoking Russia too far; while considerations connected with Italy suggest the prudence of avoiding a breach with France. At present, it is apparently the policy of Austria to await, in neutrality, the return of peace, and, if possible, to accelerate the desired event by creating dissensions among the Allied Powers. It is seemingly for this purpose that the Tuscan Government has lately been compelled to contrive a diplomatic quarrel with Piedmont. It may be thought that, in a struggle with the gallant little State which almost alone on the Continent vindicates civil and religious liberty, the policy of France may be opposed to the universal sympathies of the English nation; but it may not impossibly be found that, in winning back the House of HAPSBURG to its allegiance, the Holy See has lost the hold which it seemed to have established on the favour of Imperial France. It is at least certain that both the Western Powers are equally pledged to protect Sardinia from encroachments, which may in part be attributed to the adhesion of VICTOR EMMANUEL to their alliance.

Among the motives which determine the policy of Vienna, it would be an error to forget the secular antagonism of Austria and Prussia. No other existing international relation in any part of Europe has been consistently maintained for so long a period. England and France are now cordially united; but England has, within the century, been allied with all the other Powers against France. Austria, France, and Russia coalesced in the Seven Years' War, and NAPOLEON and ALEXANDER distributed the world between them at Tilsit; but since the accession of FREDERICK THE GREAT, the Courts

of Berlin and Vienna have always regarded each other with watchful and unfriendly jealousy. It was from distrust of his ally that FREDERICK WILLIAM II. deserted the coalition in 1795; and his successor identified himself with the policy of Russia, which was almost uniformly unfriendly to Austria. ALEXANDER induced the King to abstain from participation in the campaign of 1809. METTERNICH, in turn, hesitated to join the allies in 1813; and when their object was attained, he opposed the aggrandisement of Prussia, and effected the restoration of the King of SAXONY. In 1850, the two Courts were on the eve of war, when NICHOLAS, justly alarmed for the loss of his influence in Germany, insisted on the submission of Prussia. The intrigues of the last two years among the minor German States have proved that Berlin and Vienna are only united when there is a question of suppressing internal liberty. The devotion to Russia which FREDERICK WILLIAM IV. inherits from his father furnishes an additional motive to his rival for keeping aloof from intimate union with the Court of St. Petersburg. On the other hand, the dissension between the two leading Powers ensures the quiescence of both. It would have been easy for Germany to have preserved the peace of the world by a timely declaration against the aggressor; but a nation divided between two hostile interests is incapable of external action. On the whole, it is to be wished that the statesmen of England and France may abstain from further attempts to court Allies who would join them, without invitation, if they thought fit to do so. Austria has gained, by the diplomatic manoeuvres which have been executed, possession of the Danubian Principalities; whilst Prussia has lost nothing by an earlier and more positive declaration of neutrality. Where we shall evidently not find auxiliaries in the war, it seems unnecessary to look for assessors to advise us as to the conditions of a future peace.

The minor German States exercise no influence in the affairs of Europe, except so far as, by their support, they may give relative preponderance either to Austria or to Prussia. Even in this respect, their choice is seldom independent of foreign control. Their Princes are married to Grand-Duchesses, their Princesses to Grand-Dukes, and their cadets are generals, major-generals, or colonels in the service of Russia. There are even royal or princely houses in Germany which have, within three generations, intermarried five or six times with the family of ROMANOFF. The consequence is, that the most thoughtful and best educated of European nations has to submit, in helpless discontent, to the virtual extinction of its political and moral influence.

The Italian potentates, with the exception of Piedmont, are wholly dependent upon Austria. Within a month from the disappearance of the Imperial eagle from the Peninsula, the wretched tyrant of Naples would, to the gratification of mankind, pay the penalty of his crimes. The Grand-Duke of TUSCANY has voluntarily reduced himself to the rank of an Austrian Viceroy; and the POPE has long trusted to foreign bayonets to protect the chronic misgovernment of the Church. Spain and Portugal exercise no direct influence in European affairs. Sweden and Denmark, although not indisposed to see a check put on the power of Russia, have hitherto been mainly influenced by a natural dread of future resentment. The present coalition is sufficiently strong, however, to effect the objects for which it was formed; and the real sufferer by the neutrality of the rest of Europe is the weaker and losing party.

THE CORN MARKET.

NO one, we presume, would wish to see the laws by which our ancestors endeavoured to repress the malpractices of "forestallers and regraters" revived in the present day, nor can there be, among sensible men, a question as to the mischievous effects which must be expected to follow regulations such as those which have recently been adopted on the other side of the Channel with the view of limiting the price of animal food. We need not occupy our columns with arguments which will at once suggest themselves to the reader's mind against an attempt so obviously ill-advised; but there is one consideration too important to be omitted. France, more perhaps than any other country, requires to be taught the great lesson that there are natural laws superior to all earthly governments—laws which must remain immutable, though dynasties and constitutions may change. It is not surprising that, in a land where human institutions

have hitherto been so unstable, the stubborn fixity of economic principles should irritate an excitable population; nor, after the follies of which, on successive Sundays, Hyde Park has been the scene, can we venture to assert the superior wisdom of the London masses. In order to allay the general dissatisfaction, the Imperial Government—forgetful, apparently, of those sounder maxims which had dictated its recent policy—has established a tariff for butchers'-meat sold in the city of Paris; and by thus encouraging the popular delusion that scarcity and high prices are evils controllable by human enactments, it has brought upon itself a weight of responsibility which a prudent Administration would at all times, and especially at the present moment, most carefully avoid. It is not possible to advert to the subject without an expression of regret at the great discouragement which such measures occasion to those—and in France they are not a few—who are ably and steadily striving, amid difficulties greater than any which exist among ourselves, to teach to their fellow-countrymen the hard but salutary lesson of patience and self-reliance. Judging, however, from the sagacious policy of the last few years, we venture to entertain a hope that, before serious mischief has been done, the futile attempt will be abandoned.

No similar measure is to be apprehended in this country, but we have evils of our own which require to be remedied. Independently of particular facts which have from time to time been brought to light, the extravagantly high price of corn is in itself an evidence that the nation is, for the moment, to a very considerable extent at the mercy of speculators. It may be admitted that the stock in hand at the commencement of the harvest was small, and that the harvest itself was somewhat later than usual. The extent of the deficiency has been, as our readers will be aware, the subject of much controversy. It may, perhaps, be taken at about one-eighth of the average crop in this country, and in France it is probably more considerable. From the Baltic ports little is expected, it being understood that both quantity and quality are much below the average. If to these data we were to add the stoppage of supplies from the Russian ports in the Black Sea, the inference drawn from these premises exclusively would, no doubt, be that a high price—perhaps we might say a very high price—is a natural and necessary evil. We have, however, to notice, on the other side of the account, the abundant crop with which the United States have been favoured. From a very interesting table, published by an American contemporary, it appears that the harvest of the present year is estimated at no less than 185 millions of bushels. An idea as to the proportion of this enormous crop which can well be spared for exportation, will be gained from the figures assigned to the years 1846-7-8. They are as follows:—

	CROP. Bushels.	EXPORTS. Bushels.
1846	94,455,412	13,268,175
1847	118,330,155	12,309,972
1848	114,245,000	26,312,431

It further appears that the yearly home consumption of the States has seldom much exceeded 100 millions of bushels, so that it may be expected that an amount little, if at all, short of ten millions of quarters will be free for export, at no very extravagant price. With these facts in our possession, the general accuracy of which there is no reason to doubt, we cannot apprehend any real difficulty in the discovery of stores amply sufficient to meet the wants of our population. How the payment may be made with least inconvenience is a different question, and one too closely connected with subjects of great magnitude and intricacy to be here incidentally discussed. Some selfish consolation may be derived from the fact that we are, at all events, likely to be the best customers in the American market.

Taking together the various points which have been noticed, and assigning to general rumour as much weight as it deserves, we cannot doubt that the present price of corn is an artificial price, mainly due to the efforts of speculating dealers. It is, of course, unnecessary to assume that any large proportion of the harvest has really got into the hands of persons belonging to this class; for even those who possess but a limited acquaintance with the tricks of the corn-market must be aware how much can be done by a moderate capital—whether real or fictitious is, in the first instance, of no great consequence—judiciously employed, and enjoying the advantage of an *entente cordiale* with the weather-glass. The disclosures which took place in the autumn of 1847 have not been forgotten, although

they have unhappily been turned to no practical account. We are far from blaming those who choose to pursue the perfectly legal vocation to which we refer; but, as it so happens that their gains are the nation's losses, we may be excused for pressing most earnestly the adoption of measures which may induce them to turn their talents and enterprise into some less inconvenient direction.

In one way, and, as far as we can discover, in one way only, this object may be effected. The collection of accurate agricultural statistics, long regarded by those who had turned their attention to the subject as a great desideratum, has become, under the present circumstances of the country, a matter of paramount necessity. The demands of the war abroad must of course be met, and that they will be met with promptitude no man can doubt; but it is equally necessary that a supply of the precious metals, sufficient to command in foreign markets as much as may be needed to make good deficiencies in home-grown produce, should be at all times available. How much may be required for the former purpose it is impossible to calculate; but how much will be wanted in the course of each harvest year for the latter, it is possible, approximately at least, to ascertain. We hope to revert to the subject at an early opportunity, with the view of noticing what has already been done with regard to it, and of calling attention to the Report presented by the Committee of the House of Lords, to whom the matter was referred in the course of last Session.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY, 1855.

THE wheel of retribution has made a perfect circle as regards the Jews. The index to an English history, *sub voce*, would read something in this fashion:—"Jews . . . crucify a boy at Norwich, at London, at Gloucester—abused at the coronation of RICHARD I.—massacred at Stamford—fined and imprisoned to make them discover their riches—one of them condemned to lose a tooth daily—seized at the Cinque Ports—four hanged at Norwich for clipping the king's coin—obliged to contribute to the repairs of Westminster Abbey—some hundreds of them massacred in London—made over, by way of pocket money, by HENRY III. to Prince EDWARD—re-assigned by him to a merchants' guild—fined largely—restrained by Act of Parliament from acquiring real property—banished the kingdom—negotiate with CROMWELL for their re-establishment—offer to purchase St. Paul's Cathedral and the Bodleian Library (apocryphal)—encouraged by CHARLES II.—their gradual emancipation—one of them, SALOMONS, becomes Lord Mayor of London." A curious, and in many respects an ignoble, conclusion to a deeply significant history. The tragedy dies down to farce, and we only wish that the barbarous cruelty and bigotry of ages had met with a somewhat more dignified reversal than the annual chair of the moribund Corporation of London can effect. After all, AARON of York on his gridiron, and SIMEON of Stamford in his yellow caftan, are but meanly avenged by SALOMONS in his red gown and gilt coach. If the Ghetto was no disgrace to the Jew persecuted for conscience sake, can the Mansion House be an honourable home for an earnest son of Israel? How would a MONTEFIORE honour what a SALOMONS so eagerly accepts?

In one respect, society has reason to be thankful for the change in public opinion which salutes Alderman SALOMONS as praetor of the City. The streets of London are freed from nine-tenths of the odious nonsense of Lord Mayor's Show. Here is the solitary social gain. Lord SALOMONS probably thinks that the spectacle of a Hebrew Mayor is show enough: "beauty when unadorned," &c. The knot which the new Lord Mayor has cut would have been a little difficult to unravel. How could the street ceremonial and its details have been got over? The men-in-armour would have suggested FRONT-DE-BŒUF: and the crusader and his squire would have revived awkward memories of the days when a Jew's eye was no figure of speech, and when the cost of cross and pilgrimage was defrayed by the pillage of a dozen rich Israelites. All that smacks of mediæval masques and moralities must be viewed by his lordship with natural suspicion. We only wonder how far the reform of the civic court can be carried. Is a rabbi to officiate as chaplain? Is the office of the Laureate of Cockaigne to be revived in favour of Mr. DISRAELI? Are we to have no music but MENDELSSOHN's at the Mansion House? Will RACHEL receive a special engagement for private theatricals in the Poultry? How are the banquets to be conducted?

Are all preparations of swine's flesh to be banished from the civic feast? Is not "the tortoise after his kind" reckoned unclean in the Book of Leviticus? and how is this prohibition to be reconciled with the annual tureens of turtle at Guildhall? Can Mr. SALOMONS sport the collar of SS., which archaeologists assure us stands for *Sanctus*, or *Spiritus Sanctus*? What about the Lord Mayor's perpetual trusteeship of the repairing fund for St. Paul's Cathedral? How is the annual festivity to the Bishops and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel to be conducted in 1856? Is the year to be saluted in the civic *fusti* as A.D., or, after the computation of the Mosaic mundane era, as 5616? Trifling questions these; but we think that a more earnest and consistent religionist, a Hebrew of the Hebrews, would have declined, for his own sake, the exasperating or perplexing occasion of mooring them.

To be sure this is rather the new Lord Mayor's own affair than ours: and, on public grounds, all that can be said of Mr. SALOMONS is, that his Mayoralty only embodies, and so far profitably, the triumph of the principle that religion is not to disqualify a man for civil and social office. In himself, Mr. SALOMONS is a very commonplace person—he is small even among the nonentities who have of late filled the civic chair. He is a son of the Circumcision—and here his qualifications for an honourable public post begin and end. Even among his co-religionists he occupies no distinguished place. He has not worked with the patriotism of MONTEFIORE—his name has not, like that of ROTHSCHILD, won a European celebrity. He is famous neither in the market nor on the Exchange. His services to art or literature, to commerce or statesmanship, are unknown. He acquired a cheap martyrdom in not being permitted to sit for Greenwich. In short, his claims to the honour which he enjoys are simply negative. He is Lord Mayor because he is not a Christian; and it is only because the Mayoralty can scarcely sink lower, that it will, perhaps, form no subject of historical regret that the famous series dies out in Mr. SALOMONS. The first Jew is likely enough to be the last Lord Mayor; and the extinction of the Show is probably prophetic of the death of the office. We can hardly say that the dogship is either dignified or discredited by its final bearer. Mr. SALOMONS might offer to Mr. WORTLEY, when presenting his Lordship in the Exchequer, a rare topic in the patriarchal antiquity of his lineage; but, in other respects, the Recorder's inaugural speech must be barren in common-places of felicitation.

For all that we can see, the mysterious grandeur which their latest eulogist has spread over the secret influences of the pure Caucasian race in its purest type, will rather be dispelled than heightened by the present Mayoralty. It is destined to be a very prosaic affair. Lord SALOMONS will neither be above nor below the lay figure which of late years has supported the robes of metropolitan regality. He will be less abstract than the ideal Lord Mayor immortalized in SCRIBLERUS. We can only contemplate in him a very ordinary dinner-giving and dinner-eating potentate—a character just as unhistorical as SIDNEY or MOON. Some eyes blacker than usual, and some facial organs a trifle more prominent than one meets with in Belgravia, may perhaps grace the Easter—or will it be the Passover?—ball. REBECCA's chocolate cheek will for once have fair play in a field which ROWENA's paler charms have too long monopolized; but, judging from his antecedents, we hardly think that the Right Honourable DAVID SALOMONS will revolutionize our cherished institutions, or will repeat the offer which RABBI MANASSEH BEN ISRAEL is said to have made to the Lord Protector to purchase St. Paul's for a synagogue, at the moderate bribe of £500,000. King, Lords and Commons, the Bishops and the Church, Trial by Jury, and slaughtering oxen by the pole-axe will survive the 9th of November, 1855; and we contemplate neither SPINOZA in the pulpit, nor ROTHSCHILD in the Cabinet, nor the Rabbi in the *abattoir*, as the inevitable consequence of the reign of SALOMONS, who is far enough from a SOLOMON, or even a SIDONIA. So far as moral significance and the heroism of race go, the Jews wailing and weeping beneath the walls of Jerusalem present a far more interesting spectacle than Mr. SALOMONS, attended by his sword-bearer and the man in a jockey's jacket, hob-nobbing with the City clergy in the Egyptian Hall. If there is degradation in the case, it is rather to the Jew than to the Gentile. Heroic sacrifice to religious consistency, to ancient tradition, and to the hereditary claims of race and faith, is far greater and more

serious on the part of my Lord Mayor than of his subjects. The page on which the civic annals of the coming year of Mayoralty must be written is the blank and unprofitable one which separates the Law and the Gospel.

THE OXFORD MUSEUM.

ON a bright day in the latter end of last June, a visitor in Oxford might have witnessed the unusual spectacle of the Chancellor of the University addressing a large concourse of ladies and gentlemen on the advantages of the study of the physical sciences—the immediate occasion being the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of a new museum to be erected at the cost of the University. Neither the address nor the ceremony would, however, have deserved more than a passing notice, were they not suggestive of something beyond. They may be regarded as the first homage paid to physical science by a corporation which has rarely been deemed very favourable to its development; and a kind of homage, too, which it is not very fond of paying, for we know of no building erected by the University out of its own funds, except the Clarendon Press—a mere commercial enterprise—and part of the Gallery for works of art, which involved a larger expenditure than was expected. The occasion seems, therefore, to mark an impulse which it may be worth while to consider.

It is nearly thirty years since the late excellent Dr. Kidd suggested the expediency of bringing into one common depository the several scientific collections, chiefly the contributions of public-spirited individuals, which are now scattered over various parts of the city. The proposal seems to have met with little favour beyond the circle of the Doctor's immediate friends. It was revived about seven or eight years ago, when, though supported by many influential names, the scheme would have again broken down under the usual financial difficulties. It was, however, on this occasion that a member of the then Hebdomadal Board made the bold assertion that the University could carry out the project without any assistance. This assertion was heard with surprise, and, perhaps, by many, with incredulity. But the speaker was right. After two or three years it turned out that money could be found. Still the fate of the museum was not decided; and many a subsequent conflict it had to undergo in Convocation. At last, however, it triumphed by a small majority.

The University, in our opinion, has shown good judgment in the selection of the design. The building is intended for a museum in the largest sense of the word. It is to comprehend subjects as diverse as astronomy is from entomology. Great variety of arrangement was therefore requisite for its immediate purpose, and great latitude for future extension and modification. Something, in fact, was wanted which depended for its effect less on the symmetry than on the grouping of its outlines; and the design chosen promises to fulfil this condition. For while there is no want of symmetry at present, a future excrecence here and there, as circumstances may require, will cause no injury to its general appearance. The style is pointed, which probably in part contributed to its selection, as suiting the æsthetic prepossessions of the place. However, the foregoing considerations had also their weight.

So much for the material fabric, which we have no doubt will prove worthy of Oxford's architectural celebrity. Nor have we any fear but that the interior furniture, both "for ornament and use," will be forthcoming in proper time. There remains the more important question,—Whence is to come the life which is to animate the pile? If we regarded the new institution as the expression of a want felt within the University, the question would be simply impertinent. We can only view it, however, as a concession to demands from without; and this it is—without the remotest wish or intention of casting suspicion on the good faith in which the concession has been made—that causes us to look anxiously, though not hopelessly, to the future, and prevents us from sharing in the anticipations of those persons who fancy that we have entered on a new era of English science.

The obstacle to the study of physical science in Oxford does not lie, as some people suppose, in any peculiar obstinacy or perverseness of the Oxford mind, but in the very nature of the place. The University is, in fact, the school of a specialty. Theology absorbs all other subjects. All the higher, and almost all the lower, prizes are for theology. The course of studies, too, is theological; for, though embracing much that is essential to every well-educated man, nothing is obligatory which is not indispensable to the ecclesiastic. We say this in no hostile spirit, for we are convinced that it would be far easier to found half-a-dozen new institutions which should do the specific work of science better than ever Oxford can do it, than to create another such university, which, whatever the faults of Oxford, should be so true a reflex of many of the best features of the English mind. The problem seems to be, how to graft a scientific on the literary and theological education. That such a combination, if it could be carried into effect, would, under the circumstances of our times, be productive of public benefit, will not, we suppose, be denied. For our own part, we are aware of no argument in favour of an educated clergy, in a literary sense, which does not now apply with equal force in favour of their possessing scientific attainments.

Our idea of a theological education remains pretty much the same as it was in the middle ages. Our clergymen may learn a

little more Greek, and a little less theology *proper*; but otherwise, the same things are taught now as were taught then. Then, such knowledge was enough to maintain the clergy, as a body, in the intellectual van of the age. Is it so now? Then, a dictum of St. Augustin or of St. Chrysostom was considered a sufficient answer to the caviller. Such arguments, we fear, would have little weight now, when the struggle is not so much in high places as in low. A clergyman now-a-days meets a controversialist in the village barber or burly artisan, who draw their weapons from an armoury to which he has no access; and the rude eloquence of an ale-house lecture on Saturday night may leave impressions on the minds of many of his parishioners, which the polished periods of the morrow's discourse from the pulpit will be unable to efface.

The apparent alienation of science from the service of religion is an old complaint, to which the Church herself, at one time, lent a show of justice, by the coldness, to use no harsher term, with which she regarded the progress of physical inquiry. The sooner this seeming warfare is ended the better; and what step more calculated to end it than for the acknowledged stronghold of English theology to make some knowledge of mathematics, or of the elements of at least one physical science, indispensable to a degree in Arts? The *modicum* may be small in the first instance. We should not mind that—it is a fault time will correct. We contend only for the principle.

Already there is a school of physical science. Make the examination in it, or in the mathematical school, compulsory. At present an option is left to enter the School of Modern History—a subject too attractive and too cognate to existing studies to leave its rival a chance of success. Without the slightest wish to derogate from the importance of modern history as a study, we must be allowed to question its equal claim with the other subjects we have mentioned, to be put forward as an educational discipline. Its subject-matter appeals so strongly to the everyday wants of an educated man, and the manner of learning it is so entirely and completely illustrated by the classical and other studies which must be gone through, that we should not be disposed to regard its removal altogether from the course as any great loss. However, if judged indispensable, let it be introduced in some other stage of the student's career. As to the little knowledge of constitutional law required in this school, we do not suppose much stress will be laid upon it.

Here, at any rate, is one plan for giving life and meaning to the new institution. Nor would this be the only advantage. By degrees, scientific acquirements would gain their proper place in the academic scheme: they would count as other accomplishments in college examinations for fellowships. They would constitute claims to the higher preferments of the place. This arrangement would to our mind be far preferable to the proposal for making special endowments for scientific merit. Of course we should not object to having scientific scholarships analogous to the Hertford or the Ireland. We do object, however, to any scheme which would allot so many exhibitions or scholarships to scientific, and so many to classical men. We believe that such distinctions, more than any other, serve to contract men's minds, and cause them to attach undue importance to special studies.

When we propose the elements of a science as the condition of a degree, we must not be supposed to mean such superficial knowledge as may be picked up from a sixpenny catechism, committed to memory for the occasion, and then forgotten. We believe it possible to teach the physical sciences in a way that shall make them quite as good a discipline for the mind, and quite as powerful over the memory, as Greek and Latin. Of the two great branches into which they divide themselves, such subjects as astronomy, mechanics, optics, &c., which admit of geometrical treatment—and consequently for the due understanding of which some mathematical knowledge is required—would naturally fall into the mathematical school, and no one will dispute the practicability of teaching them with exactness. Pure chemistry, too (the type of the other branch), though its laws admit only of experimental demonstration, is sufficiently precise in its scope and object to allow of a man's powers being tested without the direct intervention of other kinds of knowledge. It admits, also, of natural subdivisions to suit different capacities. Take, for instance, Regnault's excellent course. The first volume, treating of metalloids, might be sufficient for a "pass-man." To this, an aspirant for secondary honours might add the second and third volumes on the chemistry of metals; while the highest class-man would take the whole course, which includes organic chemistry. Electricity and physical optics are also subjects which the higher class of students would include in this department.

The subjects which at first sight present the greatest difficulties are those mixed sciences—such as geology, mineralogy, and physiology, animal and vegetable—which run all more or less into chemistry, and then again into each other. But even here the difficulties are, we suspect, more apparent than real, and notwithstanding the manifold relationships which exist between them, each is sufficiently marked by distinctive features of its own to allow of being well taught separately. Take, for example, geology. We suppose that a man who knows no other science may be taught the meaning of strata, sections of strata, their order of succession, and their incidents—where water, where coal, where gold is likely to be found. He may be brought to know the fossil remains usually found in the several deposits.

He may distinguish between various kinds of substances. He may learn the adaptations of particular soils to particular purposes. At the same time, he may not be able to construct into animals or plants the fossils which he finds, or to resolve into their constituent elements substances with the appearance of which he is familiar, or to demonstrate the chemical causes which render different soils appropriate to different cultures. No doubt the perfect geologist is able to do all these things. But, after all, when we come to measure the extent of our student's deficiency, we do not see that there is any great advantage, on the score of profundity, on the side of the student of Greek and Latin, who may be able to construe admirably a passage in either of those languages without knowing the etymology of a single word—or who has an unerring appreciation of the difference between the genitive and accusative cases of a noun, but is quite ignorant of the philological origin of their distinctive terminations. Nevertheless, both students may be able to make good practical use of the information they possess. Why should one be called superficial, and the other not? So far from dissipating the mind, we firmly believe that such a course as we are proposing, by opening out a new field of investigation, and calling into action another order of faculties, would materially tend to enlarge its grasp and strengthen its sympathies for whatever is beautiful in nature or in art.

We are no advocates of oral teaching, and see no reason why professors should not teach from text-books, the substance of which may be learnt and demonstrated by the students before the assembled class, the professor elucidating what is difficult, correcting what is faulty, supplying what is deficient. Probably to carry out such a scheme would require a professorial and sub-professorial machinery more extensive than the University now possesses. This, however, would only be for a time. By degrees, as the scientific element becomes more diffused through the different colleges, tutors would be found within their own walls.

We expect to be met by the old objections as to time and funds. With regard to time, we beg to observe that we have proposed nothing which requires an extension of the present course. As to funds, probably before long the obstructions from this source will be less formidable than they appear now. Already one professorship has been endowed on a scale of more than usual liberality; and within the last few days we have heard with pleasure that Balliol, with a dignity and consideration worthy of its high standing, has appended, without any selfish stipulation whatever, one of its fellowships to the Savilian Professorship of Astronomy. However, we do not expect that the change we propose can be made without some trouble and thought. We would only remind those conversant with university history how many reforms have been brought within the pale of possibility during the last few years. Ten years ago, it was impossible to sanction the creation of new halls, either independent or affiliated. Five years ago, it was impossible to build a museum. Three years ago, it was impossible to alter the administration of the University. Some of us may live to see the accomplishment of greater things than these.

CHEMISTRY AND AGRICULTURE.

(BY N. S. MASKELYNE.)

THE few men, now fifty years old, who have made Chemistry their study, and who have followed the history of its extraordinary development as a science, will know how to appreciate the share which Baron Liebig has had in that development. The years of Berzelius were ripening into an honoured old age when the founder of the modern laboratory-system of chemical research had made Giessen the *ὀμφαλος γῆς* of the chemical world. The name of Liebig was even then inscribed on nearly every page of organic chemistry; yet ask an Englishman at this day who this Liebig is, and he perchance may answer that he believes him to be an accomplished German gentleman, full of theories on agriculture which have turned out to be erroneous—who undertook to tell the farmers how to grow wheat by chemistry, but failed in growing it, and who fortified the reputation of Mr. Allsopp's beer by the guarantee of his name. But, notwithstanding the apathy of the generality even of educated Englishmen to the study either of abstract or of applied science, it was to the representatives of that science in England, as collected in the British Association, that the world was indebted for some of Liebig's most important generalizations. This body had invited the great German to draw up a report of the progress of that almost new science of organic chemistry in which he had laboured so successfully; and to comply with this request was to sum up the results of his vast experience, and to collect into two considerable works the conclusions which he had, so to speak, distilled as the more volatile and generally interesting educts from the labour and thought of a life.

One of these works treated of the Physiology of the Vegetable World, involving the subject of agriculture; and upon its publication the agricultural mind of England hailed the advent of a golden age, wherein *omnis feret omnia tellus*. It were difficult to give in few words the so-called "universal theory" in which Liebig embodied his conclusions on agriculture. It is from the attempt to epitomize that theory in a sentence that the errors of its adversaries seem to have arisen. "The true wealth of a soil," he says, "consists in those of its mineral ingredients which the plant can assimilate from it." These ingredients must be

identical in character with those of the ashes of the crop we could grow on the land. They must therefore, generally, consist of phosphoric acid, potash, magnesia, lime, sulphuric acid, silicic acid in its soluble modification, and a few other substances, all of which, in fact, are present, more or less abundantly, and in a more or less available form, in every soil; while also, in every soil the greater part of its elements of wealth are locked up, as it were, in an inconvertible form, requiring continual and slow *weathering* to bring the ingredients into that state of solubility without which plants cannot imbibe them by their roots. If any one or more of these requisite ingredients be absent, or too sparingly present in proportion to the rest, the want must be supplied in the manure added to the soil. The bulk of the plant, on the other hand—its carbon, its hydrogen, its nitrogen, its oxygen—the exhaustless atmosphere directly or indirectly supplies; the carbon in the form of carbonic acid, and the nitrogen in that of ammonia, a compound of hydrogen and nitrogen. Granting, then, a soil superabundantly rich in all the available mineral for a given crop, and that crop will grow luxuriantly. It will feed on air so long as it can find the comparatively small quantity of the several mineral ingredients it requires for its tissues, dissolved in sufficient amount in the rain-water in the soil. It needs not ammonia, it needs not carbonic acid, to be given to it by artificial means; but if you would push the plant to further growth—if in one year you would grow a large fraction of the normal crop of two years—you may let the soil be rich in humus, or add as manure the equivalent of humus in decaying vegetable matter yielding carbonic acid; and you may also supply ammonia, in the form of guano, or of liquid or other manure containing decomposing nitrogenous constituents. For then will it be able, in the short time allowed by the transient season for its growth, to develop that growth to its maximum—every ingredient, mineral and aerial, being thus furnished to it. But beware how you draw from the land its mineral treasures without replacing them! Nitrogen or carbon, *i.e.*, ammonia and carbonic acid, you may withhold—you will only suffer for withholding them by reaping a normal crop—you will not impoverish the soil. But reap your corn, and neglect to replace the straw and the manure you have made from it, or their equivalents, in the form of mineral manure—neglect, in other words, to restore phosphates, potash, and other mineral ingredients, but especially those, to land from which you have removed them in crops—and you have taken from that land a portion of its capital; your bullion is diminishing. Ten, twenty years, nay more on a rich soil, you may sow your seed, and reap your harvest; but in far-off generations the desolation will come, and the long-suffering earth will at length refuse her response to the call of the husbandman—even as the rich lands of New England have receded to the Far West, and have left, where they once waved with corn, the wide interval of poor sterile territory, fringed by a band of culture on its eastern edge, in which a more frugal husbandry now reaps its less profitable, but more permanent succession of harvests. Such is the theory of Liebig. Agriculture is an art dealing practically with the deductions from this theory. The theory itself rests on the soundest induction, and is incontrovertible as a scientific assertion of a principle—as much so as any principle which any science has established. How comes it, then, that farmers refuse to accept it as a truth? We believe that the answer to this question lies in the fact that they have misapprehended the relations of agriculture to chemistry—have not really comprehended the chemical theory itself—and are disposed to throw upon the science failures which, in reality, result from their not understanding how to develop its principles in the practice of their art, or how to interpret the results of that practice by the light of those principles.

The Professor of Chemistry at Giessen never professed to be a farmer. It was not his object to carry out into the details of the farm-yard and the corn-field the illustrations of the laws he established. It sufficed for him that he showed in what the true value of manures consists; that he explained the action of fallow as aiding the "weathering" of the soil; that he indicated the mode of action of successive crops grown in rotation, although his earliest idea had been to grow wheat perennially; and that he had, in his twin-work on Animal Physiology, exhibited the laws of animal growth and their general bearings on the fattening and feeding of stock. It was for intelligent farmers to take up the subject where he left it, and to develop its details. It is singular how little they have done in this direction—more singular still that what they have so done seems to have had for its object to controvert the propositions of the chemist rather than to work them out.

The experiments of Mr. Lawes appear to have been directed, from their outset, with a view to an attack on Liebig's theory; and the late Mr. Pusey, who rose so high above most of his contemporaries as a gentleman-farmer of education, clear-sightedness, and practical common sense, unquestionably did not intend to bear homage to the Liebig theory when he said that chemistry had only given two boons to agriculture—the use of dissolved phosphates, and the employment of the non-fibrous elements of flax, as manures. Yet in these very exceptions the whole truth of the chemical theory was avowed. The solution of bones and mineral phosphates, at the suggestion of Liebig, itself involved the conclusion that it was the phosphate of lime, and not the animal matter of the bone, that constituted its value to the farmer.

It involved, in other words, the truth of one of the fundamental assertions of the Liebig theory; while Sir Robert Kane's recommendation to the Irish landlords, to restore to their flax lands the seed and all the rest of the plant except the linen fibre, was the result of an investigation made by that distinguished chemist in full faith in the Liebig theory. The results of that recommendation have confirmed the conclusions at which the chemist of Ireland had arrived, and add to the weight of his authority the most decisive evidence of the truth of the theory itself.

[To be continued.]

REVIEWS.

A CAMPAIGN WITH THE RUSSIAN ARMY IN THE CRIMEA.*

THIS work has been lately published at Berlin, and professes to give an account of the campaign in the Crimea, from the time of the landing of the allied forces to the death of the Emperor Nicholas. The author is a German medical man, who had previously served with the Russian fleet, but, at the time when an invasion was anticipated, was appointed to serve on shore; and shortly after the disembarkation of the Allies, he received orders to join the head-quarters of the army. Attached to Prince Menschikoff's staff, he had unusual opportunities of seeing the earlier part of the campaign. He accompanied the army on its march to the position on the Alma; he remained with it during its retrograde movements, and returned with it to Sebastopol. He was present at the opening of the bombardment, and accompanied the attacking force at the battle of Inkerman. With such advantages for observing everything, and with more than ordinary opportunities of knowing what was going on at head-quarters, he has doubtless had it in his power to give a most interesting account of the progress of the campaign, and to contribute valuable materials to the contemporary history of the greatest struggle of modern times. But, in this point of view, the work before us is eminently unsatisfactory. The writer seldom ventures to give any details, except those which have been already published by the Russian Government. No statements are offered upon those features of the war, such as the amount of supplies and the health of the Russian troops, upon which it might be supposed that a military surgeon would naturally dwell. Neither is any information given with respect to the breaches of military discipline in the army in Sebastopol, which are generally admitted, even in quarters most favourable to the enemy, to have been such as to render necessary the most energetic measures of repression. On all these points silence is preserved in his narrative; and, with regard to the facts which took place, or the numbers of men engaged, there is very little more stated in the Diary of the German doctor than might have been gathered from the columns of the *Invalide*.

However, if the author is what he professes to be, an *employé* in the Russian service, we can hardly quarrel with him for not indulging in the imprudent garrulity of "Our Own Correspondent," as it would no doubt have earned for him the inconvenience of an exile to Siberia, instead of the honours of a photograph in the shopwindows. The work before us has evidently been written with very great care, in order to prevent the writer from being compromised with the Government which he serves. But although we cannot find in it any additional information with regard to the incidents of the past campaign, it is not without interest as a narrative of the war from a Russian point of view. It might, it is true, be alleged that a work which bears the traces of having been so carefully prepared for publication ought to be regarded as a statement put forward, in a popular form, by the Czar's Government, in order to tell its story in a favourable manner to German readers. Such a view will be readily taken by those who believe in the inexhaustibility of Russian gold and in the Machiavellian policy of Russian agents. But it seems more likely that this little volume is a genuine production, and that, without having been written at the instigation of any Russian official, it fairly represents the views and feelings of the generals and officers with whom the author was in contact during the Alma campaign and the eventful period of the siege. If so, the perusal of it may be useful to those English readers who are willing to appreciate fairly the character of their enemy, and to learn the sufferings that have been undergone, and the gallantry that has been displayed, by a foe worthy of their steel.

The author of the Diary has, we fear, some tendency to depreciate the achievements of the English army, and, at their expense, to magnify the soldierlike qualities of the French troops and the abilities of their commanders. A similar disposition may be detected in much of the contemporary literature of this country; and it must always be borne in mind that writers in England have given the cue to the hostile criticism of foreigners. Throughout the Continent, a general impression has gone forth that everything done by the land forces of Great Britain has been atrociously mismanaged; but this opinion is founded much more upon statements made in this country than on

the experience which our adversaries have had in the field. It is not, however, surprising that our own admissions should be taken against us, and that they should influence to a great degree any narrative or criticism upon our campaigns by an opponent. Foreign writers are, no doubt, for the most part, disposed to judge harshly of the military achievements of England. They admit, without exception, the dashing gallantry of our officers, and the unflinching courage of our soldiers; but when they assert that our generals are destitute of military genius, that our officers are uninstructed, and that our army was starved during the last winter, they only repeat what has been said a good many times, and with considerable emphasis, by many persons in and out of Parliament, to whose authority the British public pays the greatest possible deference.

When the scientific history of the present war is written by a future Napier or Jomini, the matter may be perhaps discussed on its real merits, but at present it is nearly impossible for any writer, whatever his national prejudices may be, not to be biased in his views by the loud and general condemnation which the English War Ministry and the English generals have received in their own country. It is only among ourselves that the value of these very summary verdicts is properly estimated—everywhere else they are accepted as perfectly conclusive. In the meantime, the country loses not a little in the estimation of those who are not familiar with the working of constitutional government and a popular press. Partial statements, put forward with every appearance of authority, are readily adopted by foreign writers—it is easily assumed that the worst is not told—and the result is, that our military reputation, and therefore, to a great extent our influence, is fallen to a very low point in European opinion.

The Diary opens with a rather picturesque account of the state of feeling produced in Sebastopol when the first intelligence was received of the landing of the Allies in the Crimea. The navy surgeon has some powers of observation, and is of a reflective turn of mind. He seems to have seized in all their fulness the varied pictures that were presented to him—the strange excitement of the semi-barbarous population of Sebastopol—the panic which prevailed among all classes, and the stern discipline, mingled with fanaticism, of the Russian army. The prominent figure is Prince Menschikoff. He appears, if the narrator may be credited, to have possessed rare qualities of command, though without that power to excite personal enthusiasm among the soldiers which is so necessary in the armies of half-civilized nations. But until after the battle of Inkerman, when he was incapacitated for further service, Menschikoff seems to have displayed great character and ability for command. According to the Russian view, if he was guilty of a strategical blunder in the selection of his position on the Alma, it was amply redeemed by the dispositions made to secure the retreat of his army, and by the decision with which he resolved upon retiring when his position had once been turned.

There probably never was a battle fought in which the vanquished party did not attribute their disaster to some one unlucky accident or error in judgment. At the Alma, the Russians were defeated, according to their own story, in consequence of their having calculated that the guns of the allied fleet could not be brought to bear upon their left. When, however, the ships opened their fire, the divisions on the extreme left were at last constrained to withdraw by the storm of shot, shell, and rockets which rained incessantly upon them. The immediate result was, that the French were enabled to scale the plateau of Lukul and establish themselves on the Russian left. As soon as our allies had brought up sufficient force to hold the ground they had won, and had successfully resisted repeated efforts to dislodge them, the battle was, in the eyes of the Russian commanders, decided. From that moment began the preparations for the retreat, and indeed the enemy were already in movement at the time of the English attack on the Russian centre and right. This is of course alleged to account for the fact of a very strong position, armed with twenty-four and thirty-two pounders, being stormed and carried by our infantry, and it is insinuated that the English attack was a needless waste of life, and had but little effect on the general result. The obvious answer is, that without the advance of our troops the battle would not have entailed the signal defeat of Menschikoff's army. But perhaps there is more truth in the supposition of our author, that much greater loss might have been inflicted on the Russians, if the English commander had been sufficiently acquainted with the actual strength of his enemy to venture to make use of Cathcart's Division and of the few cavalry which he had at his disposal. As it was, the author of the Diary declares that, although the Russians lost a great many men, their army was neither broken nor demoralized so as to offer any chance to the Allies of carrying Sebastopol by a successful *coup de main*.

The subsequent determination of the allied generals to commence operations against the southern side of Sebastopol was hailed with joy at the Russian head-quarters. They were well aware of the means they possessed for maintaining the defence of the town till the arrival of reinforcements, and they understood the difficulties which the nature of the country opposed to an advance of the Allies from Balaklava. Their chief uneasiness was with regard to the effect which an attack from the fleet might produce on the sea defences. At last the bombardment commenced, and it soon became apparent that the enemy had a decided supe-

* *Unter dem doppel Adler. Aus dem Hauptquartier des Fürsten Menschikoff.* Von Dr. P. Vol. I. Berlin: 1855. London: Williams and Norgate.

riority of fire. The attack of our fleet failed altogether, and the Russians believed that their batteries had inflicted immense injury on the squadrons engaged in the attack. Elated by so successful a resistance to the vast forces of the Allies, they waited with impatience for the arrival of the promised reinforcements to drive the invaders from the Russian soil.

Gradually the different divisions arrived. Liprandi's success at Balaklava, and the number of English prisoners taken after the fatal charge of the Light Brigade, contributed to raise still more the expectations of the Russian commanders. Every possible preparation was made for a decisive attack on the allied position; and according to the enemy's account there were no less than eighty thousand men available for the assault. At length the Archdukes arrived—the final orders were given—solemn services were performed in the churches—the regiments received the blessings of their priests—drums were given to the men—and this mighty army marched out in a drear November morning to fight the bloodiest battle of modern times.

In describing the action of Inkerman, the author fully admits that the Russians had the immense advantage of taking the Allies by surprise, and of establishing their position without the slightest molestation; and he holds strongly to the opinion that there was a time during the battle when the Russian commanders might have won the day, had they known how to make use of their opportunity. He does ample justice to the desperate gallantry with which the English defended their position and repeatedly drove the assailants from the redoubt which they had carried. The failure he attributes, in the first instance, to the blundering manœuvres of some of the Russian generals, in consequence of which whole divisions were thrown into inextricable confusion. The cause assigned for this is a very singular one. It is asserted that imperative instructions had been sent from St. Petersburg with regard to the tactics of the attack—certain favourite movements of the Czar's were to be carried out in front of the position of the Allies. If this be true, it would account for a good deal of confusion, even supposing that the Russian troops were willing to face the besiegers again. But whatever may be the excellence of the enemy's soldiers, there must be limits to their powers of endurance. It seems more likely that the sternness of the defence rendered it impossible to renew the attack than that the Russian generals should have sacrificed their chances of success for the sake of attempting to work the Czar's scientific problems.

It is with greater reason that the writer complains that the feint upon Balaklava was not converted into a real attack. There can be no doubt that this was an important omission in the plan of attack; but it does not serve to account for the repulse at Inkerman. After that battle, the Russians seem to have fallen into a state of apathy. Menschikoff remained ill for weeks, on board one of the vessels in the harbour; and there seem to have been considerable dissensions among the generals. But there were many officers at the enemy's head-quarters who felt that other attempts should have been made, especially after the immense sufferings which the great storm had caused to the Allies. Meanwhile, reinforcements poured into the French and English camps, and it became evident that the enemy's last opportunity had been lost. The attack on Eupatoria failed—nothing had been done whilst the Allies were weakened by the losses of Inkerman and the sufferings in the camp during the winter. The Russians ceased to be assailants. From this time they merely defended their works with great obstinacy, and often with success; but in spite of every obstacle the Allies gradually drew nearer. On the 9th of March, news reached the garrison of the death of the Czar; and three days afterwards, Prince Menschikoff was replaced by General Gortschakoff. Here the first part of the Diary concludes.

The defect of this narrative is, as has already been stated, a want of circumstantial detail with regard to the progress of the siege and the state of things inside Sebastopol. The writer informs us of the pitiable aspect of the English deserters, and of the dreadful account they gave of the sufferings of their army. But he does not tell us how the Russian soldiers fared, or how many of them perished from sickness and keen exposure in the trenches. The colossal works by which Todleben has earned a great name must have been constructed at an immense sacrifice of life; and the loss in skirmishes and sorties must have been incessant, not to mention the havoc when the batteries opened their fire. For information on any such points the reader will look in vain in the work before us. But notwithstanding these shortcomings, there is much in the narrative that will be found interesting to the English reader. We learn that a translation of it is already in the press.

THE MYSTIC, AND THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.*

WE should not have noticed the first-named of these books for its own merits; but, as typical of an increasing school, it is a phenomenon worthy of remark. Its predecessor, *Festus*, was considered by some persons a great poem—at least it had many imitators. Life-dramas, Balders, and Balderdashes have been trying, ever since its publication, to supply the few lacunæ which Mr. Bailey had left open in the science of things in general,

and to complete the *schema mundi* upon a principle as yet, luckily for the world, unknown. What that principle may be, it would rather puzzle a simple logical man of the world to say; but dimly, through yeasty floods of rant and cant, whose "foaming crests do blur the frightened stars"—through Gordian knots of grammar which would break not Priscian's head, but heart—through words which Englishmen have forgotten, and words which Englishmen, we trust, will never be unwise enough to remember—through all possible monstrosities of moral, matter, manner, style, grammar, diction—dimly we discern one fixed idea, that Kehama, as set forth in Southey's poem, is the ideal of the human species, and that all, in so far as they do not aspire to be his compeers, are "the herd."

To the successive incarnations of the ideal of this type, best described as "the Infinite Coxcomb," Mr. Bailey devotes his first poem. His matter we have shortly described; but in his manner, we are bound to say, he is himself again. His *Angel World* gave us some hope that increased experience of the public taste had tempted him to write, though of course not to think, like other people, and to descend to the level of the vulgar tongue; but he has taken fresh counsel with his genius. It may be that he found his Pegasus could not go in harness, and that the *Angel World* was (as we, too, found it) very stupid, in spite of the excitement of its profanity, and the charm of reading, in good set blank verse, all that the angels said before the very throne of the Ineffable. It may be, again, that, stimulated to noble rivalry by the success of his great pupil, Mr. Alexander Smith, he felt it base to be outdone by the work of his own hands. It may be, lastly, that, smit with remorse at the sight of Mr. Smith's book, and feeling that he, and he only, had been the guilty cause of leading a very clever young man into the mire, he has nobly determined to leap into the Stygian gulf ahead of his misguided scholar, and warn him by his master's doleful fate. Be this as it may, here is the culminant triumph of his hero, after seven æonic lines, each more auto-theistic than the last:—

The spirit-world, thus loveably coerced,
Did homage, in such service deeming them
Triumphant; and reciprocal with all,
All loyally he ruled. Thereat rejoiced,
All wisdom in one whisper they conveyed,
All language uttered in one mystic word
Wrought of sun-heated fire-flame, first pronounced
Among the angels proximate to the Throne;
Where cloaked with threefold light the All-Divine,
The infinite point, the circumfused Supreme,
Deific dwells, whose thoughts are tinged with heaven,
His own æternal and inappropriate bliss,
As clouds and mountains with the noon-day light.

Let this extract be enough. *Ex pede Herculem. E caudâ pavonem. Ex ore asinum!* and—what all do not sufficiently recollect—*E spiritualismo materialismum.*

The gross materialism of this quasi-celestial rant prepares us for the next poem—a spiritual legend, in which the old Gnostic dream of the universe being the handiwork of angels is reproduced, with something of Milton's trick of bringing in names of places and things; but with this difference, that while Milton introduces them unexpectedly, sparingly, and in passing—and therefore gracefully and with an effect of reality—Mr. Bailey shovels them in by pagefuls, bedizened with such adjectives as few dictionaries, and no men, know of. At the end of the poem we have a right to ask, does Mr. Bailey believe all this nonsense, or does he not? If he does not, why has he introduced into his poem modern names and discoveries unknown to the old Gnostics, as if to bring up their theory to the level of modern science, and make it fit the nineteenth century? If he does, we have no more to say. But the truth we suspect is, that he does not believe it, but only would like to believe it if he dared; that he has that hankering after demonology which always arises in a doubting age and doubting hearts—which is now manifesting itself in that most incredible superstition of spirit-rapping, wherein an evil and adulterous generation, seeking after a sign, finds one, forsooth, not where their Maker bade them, in the sign of the Prophet Jonah, and God's forgiveness on a guilty nation's repentance, but—one is ashamed to write the disgusting truth—under the parlour-table. Whether Mr. Bailey, like some distinguished poets, and authors who ought to know better, believes or not in spirit-rapping, we do not know. But that his poetry is the result of the same habit of mind which has begotten the belief in spirit-rapping, we know full well; and we shall judge of the prospects which "mediums" may have of returning to America with their purses lined with English gold, very much by the reception given to Mr. Bailey's new volume of poems.

And so let us turn to Mr. Longfellow's new poem, *The Song of Hiawatha*. In him we shall find, if not always masculine vigour and terseness, yet always freshness, tenderness, simplicity—the thoughtful brain of a scholar, and the loving heart of a man.

One could not help, however, on first looking at the subject, sighing out a *cui bono?* Have we not had enough of these Red Indians—nay, rather too much of them—since the days when Fenimore Cooper, with his pleasant dream of *The Last of the Mohicans*, deluded our young fancies into believing that the conquering white race had destroyed a transatlantic Arcadia, in which the quiet enjoyment of Theocritus's shepherds was combined with the valour of Homer's heroes? How long it took to disenchant us—to make us believe that good old Bartram, the Quaker botanist, in his sketches of Cherokee virgins sporting in primeval innocence, with their baskets of strawberries and

* *The Mystic, and other Poems.* By James Bailey. Chapman and Hall. 1855.
The Song of Hiawatha. By H. Wadsworth Longfellow. Bogue. 1855.

magnolia crowns, had drawn just what his simple, trustful, loving eye could see, but had not drawn the truth. How much it needed to make us face honestly the sadder details of Strachey's *Travails in Virginia*, and of James's *Journey to the Rocky Mountains*, not to speak of recent facts (told us by unprejudiced eye-witnesses), too disgusting and horrible to relate. How long we have been in coming to the conclusion that races do not perish without a cause—that these same Red-men had really been destroying themselves, as they confessed, long before the appearance of the white race, by cruelty and revenge, dirt and idleness, shameless and nameless profligacy, which justified at least Heaven, if not man, in saying to them in unmistakable acts, "Here you shall not stay, defiling the fair earth with blood and lust unparalleled; amend, and become civilized, or at least human beings, or cumber this good land no more, and make way for better men than yourselves."

And yet the very conception of a fallen race implies a higher state from which to fall. It implies traditions of that higher state, of old heroes, old conquests over nature, old ethics remembered still in song, though forgotten in act—often pathetic confessions of sin and punishment; and if scenery have power to develop the poetic fancy, no country could be more fit to call out those old legends than the glorious land which we now call the United States. So we sat down patiently to read, obeying Mr. Longfellow's call:—

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and nature,
Who believe that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings
For the good they comprehend not,
That the feeble hands and helpless
Groping blindly in the darkness
Touch God's right hand in that darkness
And are lifted up and strengthened;—
Listen to this simple story
To this song of Hiawatha.

We listen, and are not disappointed. We cannot tell how much of the beauty of these old Indian legends is owing to Mr. Longfellow's own intense poetical feeling and accurate study of nature—how much to the actual myths which he has found: but the effect of the whole is admirable. The book carries us on its delightful trochaic lilt into a new world, which yet is old, giving us glimpses of many a school-friend in Transatlantic dress, enough to show us that the imagination, as well as the heart of man, is alike in all lands—glimpses of Triptolemus and of Theseus, of the Nymphs and Nature-gods of Hellas, and even once, strangely enough, of Heracles and the Pigmies—and all as human as an old Homeric myth, with snatches of pathos, humour, frolicsome fancy, and often a fantastic grandeur which reminds us rather of the Norse than the Hellenic stories. Indeed, these Indian myths may take a middle place between the two last-mentioned; though in one point, as was to be expected, they stand below either their Norse or Hellenic analogues. They are the songs of men not destined to rise into a nation. The conceptions of Law, Duty, Kinghood, and therefore of Political life, which are so inwoven with the myths of the Indo-Gothic race, seem utterly wanting here—where man is at best the ideal savage, not the social being, rising into civilization by becoming the member of a body. Hiawatha is the Indian Odin, and invents his own runes for the Red-men. But he is not like Odin, the philosopher and lawgiver. He is the Indian Theseus: but he does not gather into one nation the scattered villages of his land, and become the founder of an Athenian people. Indeed, he is Theseus, Heracles, Triptolemus, Dedalus, in one. He raises the maize-plant out of the corpse of Mondamin, the friend of men; he invents the birch-bark canoe, and calls on all the forest-trees to help him in the work; his friends are an Indian Orpheus and an Indian Heracles. He makes the rivers navigable, and slays the giants and monsters, the devourers of men. He sails the Putrid Sea to conquer the fever magician. He teaches his bride to protect the corn-fields from blight. We have tale upon tale of this kind about him as graceful as lofty, and most affecting from their childlike naïveté. The animals befriend him, and are rewarded: the squirrel helps him to kill the king sturgeon, and the gulls to escape from the monster man, and both receive names from him for ever; the woodpecker tells him where to strike the magician, and wears henceforth the slain man's gory tuft of hair as a crest—but it is foolish to put into our own clumsy words what should be read in Mr. Longfellow's charming ones. Yet, after all, we have sadness, failure, and death. The fair bride dies of famine; the hero sails away into the glory of the sunset; and the Indian people are left to dwindle down, and perish.

As we have already said, how many of the beauties of the book are owing to Mr. Longfellow, we know not; but we gladly congratulate him, both as a scholar and a poet, on the success which has attended his labour, only protesting against what seems to us a too frequent use of Indian names of natural objects—permissible only where the names are given from some circumstance mentioned in the legend, or where they are personal names for mythic animals, like that of Snake Midgard, or Phaia the Crommyan sow. But beyond this, and the appearance now and then of nineteenth-century words like "mystery," "passion," and "unnecessary," we have not a fault to find with a book which has revealed to us a most pleasant and instructive

field in human thought, and has given us gentler, and perhaps juster feelings towards a hapless race, whom no man now should lightly hate; for if its sins were heavy, its punishment has not been light.

THE LIFE AND TRAVELS OF HERODOTUS.*

IF the reader of this book wants any more of the same kind, he has only to give a favourable reception to the present publication, and it will be followed, Mr. Wheeler informs us, by other works upon a similar plan. It is solely in order to deprecate such an infliction that we notice the *Life and Travels of Herodotus*.

A thoughtful writer in the *Oxford Essays* complained, not long since, of those "shameless abominations"—comic histories of Greece and Rome. It would, perhaps, be unjust to Mr. Wheeler to describe his book as a comic Herodotus, inasmuch as it undoubtedly consists mainly of a heterogeneous mass of what is known at the Universities as geographical "cram," connected, more or less remotely, with the subjects upon which Herodotus did write or might have written. But its different parts are tacked together by an imaginary Life of Herodotus which resembles the feeble efforts of Mr. G. P. R. James, and would neutralize a much larger amount of useful information than this work contains.

Herodotus is, perhaps, better known to his readers than almost any other classical author. The repose and self-respect with which he writes, and his exquisite good taste, alike remote from fastidiousness and from vulgarity, are the most instructive features of his book. The real defence for the time devoted by our modern system of education to the study of classical literature is to be found in the degree in which it cultivates these qualities. It is right that our earliest impressions of literature should be noble—it is wrong that they should bear the impress of an eager, busy, excitement-loving age. Who would wish his son's eye to be educated by caricatures, or his taste to be developed by "screaming farces," and "stunning" melodramas? If the present rage for prostituting literature to the most casual purposes of temporary amusement continues, we shall expect that, as we have sliced up our novels into shilling numbers, and boiled down our Blackstones and Niebuhrs into flabby hebdomadal drivel, we shall in process of time have a comic prayer-book, and a Bible in monthly parts, with illustrations by Phiz.

If any teachers should be foolish enough to think that they are leading their pupils to study the classics by presenting them with these volumes, we will venture to say that, instead of the truthful, humble-minded gentleman who introduces himself to the readers of the real Herodotus, they will associate that name with the common-place, vulgar hero of one of the silliest of romances, and with a certain unctuous cant calculated to injure Christianity as much as it distorts heathenism. We will not inflict upon our readers any elaborate analysis of the wanderings of Mr. Wheeler's hero. From the first, the book is a miracle of clumsiness. There are three false starts before we fairly get to Herodotus' birth. First, Thurium is founded; then "sixteen years elapse," and Herodotus appears aged sixty; then he is born at Halicarnassus; then we go back to the Trojan War; then forward to the Battle of Marathon; then we have Herodotus' birth over again, with eight or ten pages about his infancy; then how his nurse slapped him with her sandals; how he played at "chytindra, like our hot cockles," and "epostrakismos, like our ducks and drakes"—with much other edifying matter. A long specification of the fairy tales of his hero's nurse suggests to Mr. Wheeler the following pious reflection:—

The modern reader, who has received the truths of Revelation and lived beneath the light of the Holy Gospel, will scarcely appreciate the simple piety and childlike superstitions of the great body of the Greek people. He knows that the stone cut without hands has shattered the heathenisms of the ancient world. His memory is filled with the inspired denunciations against those foul systems of paganism which surrounded Canaan on every side. His imagination is occupied by vivid pictures of the vile idolatries at Damascus and Babylon, of the Mount of Corruption and the Vale of Hinnom.

We cannot follow Mr. Wheeler's hero through the three years which "elapsed" at Samos, nor through the details of his visit to Corinth. Here, in illustration of the proverb, he went through certain experiences, like some which, in Bekker's *Charicles*, are detailed with a simple stolid grossness that is to our minds less offensive than the prudery with which our author, after bringing his hero to the brink of what he calls "gallantry," "throws a thick veil over the dark vices of the ancient world, in order to make his work fit for general perusal." Upon these subjects we think, with Justice Shallow, that "there are two ways—to tell them or not to tell them." If Greek domestic society cannot be described truthfully, it is better not to describe it at all.

After the Corinth episode, come more journeys and more disquisitions, reflecting mutual dulness upon each other; and next we have a disappointment in love, and a marriage to the wrong person, when Herodotus "wandered out, crushed and almost heart-broken. Feverish and excited, the cool breeze from the

* *The Life and Travels of Herodotus in the Fifth Century before Christ: an Imaginary Biography founded on fact, Illustrative of the History, Manners, Religion, Literature, Arts, and social Condition of the Greeks, Egyptians, Persians, Babylonians, Hebrews, Scythians, and other Ancient Nations in the days of Pericles and Nehemiah.* By J. Talboys Wheeler, F.R.G.S., author of the *Geography of Herodotus*. In two volumes. London: Longmans. 1855.

Ægean blew in vain upon his heated brow; friends greeted him in the streets and *agora*, but he heeded them not"—and so on in a style which is a kind of profanity when applied to such a man. After various wanderings, Herodotus goes to Susa, and has some interviews with Nehemiah, who tells him the history of the Jews, quoting for the purpose a good deal of the seventh chapter of the Acts, some of the Epistle to the Romans, and the opinions of certain modern divines about "the scheme of redemption propounded for the salvation of mankind." It here occurs to Mr. Wheeler that, "though it is probably well known to our readers," they would, perhaps, like to hear the story of Esther "as a pleasing illustration of Persian manners;" and he accordingly proceeds to relate it "in our own words," some of which we subjoin:—

Mordecai replied as follows:—"Do not expect to escape in the palace more than the Jews in the provinces. For if thou holdest thy peace at this time, deliverance will come from another quarter, but thou and thy father's house shall be utterly destroyed."

This startling appeal roused the patriot spirit of the youthful Queen. The timid Hebrew lady, who had passed her whole life in the seclusion of an Oriental harem, now acted worthy of her high lineage, her country, and her God. . . . Three days passed away, and then the beautiful heroine decked herself in her robes, and, leaving the royal harem, penetrated into the inner court of the apartments of the Great King. . . . The Great King might look upon the approach of Esther as an act of high treason; . . . even the guards might slay her without appealing to their royal master; but the dauntless beauty thought of her kinsmen and her God, and passed proudly on.

We have next a glimpse of Jerusalem, and of "a horseman who might have been seen riding slowly through the Valley of Jehoshaphat," who was not one of Mr. James's heroes, but Nehemiah; and then come, in the words of the Table of Contents, "Pestilence, Avenging Nemesis, Sorrow and Affliction, Thurium, Athens, and Conclusion." As Mr. Macaulay said of the readers of the *Fairy Queen*, we suspect that they will be very few and very weary who are in at the death of the hero, not to mention his second marriage.

Mr. Wheeler can do, and we believe has done, much better things than this. Let him remember that it is not the place of a scholar and man of information to bid for readers as the manager of a theatre bids for playgoers. An author ought to feel that he confers an obligation on his readers, instead of receiving one from them. There is, we fear, no help for the inevitable tedium of school-teaching; and nothing good can be looked for from a writer so long as he is the victim of "an anxious desire to make his work as popular as possible," and to "clear ancient history from the dust of the schools and teach it in shady playgrounds and flowery gardens."

ARCHÆOLOGICAL ITINERARY OF PARIS.*

AT last a "Murray" for Paris is advertised, and English visitors will no longer be obliged to put up with that most unsatisfactory of pretentious Guide-books, Galignani. The new "Hand-book for Paris," unless it proves signally inferior to the rest of its well-known red fraternity, will have no rivals, and may look for unlimited popularity. It would have been a special boon had it made its appearance in time to supply the need of the multitudes of our compatriots, who have been tempted by the Universal Exhibition to make this year their first visit to Paris. Napoléon Chaix, indeed, took advantage of the general demand to publish a cheap Guide-book, meant to be cosmopolitan, for it appeared not only in English, but in several other languages. Nothing, however, could be more jejune or insufficient; and that enterprising publisher had better confine himself in future to his French "Bradshaw."

It is one of the hardest of tasks to write a really good Guide-book—one that shall satisfy the reasonable wants of the largest number of persons, and that shall hit the happy mean between saying too much and saying too little. But, without going further into the question of what would constitute a perfect Guide-book, it may be safely said that none can be satisfactory in which the archæological element is not fairly represented. Take Paris, for example. The most thoughtless visitor, after the first burst of admiration of its gaiety and magnificence—its palaces, and galleries, and quays, and lofty houses of pure stone, shining in its bright atmosphere—its gardens, boulevards, cafés, and theatres—will want to look deeper, and to trace the Paris of history. He will wish to study, if not the Paris of St. Louis, or of the Ligue, or the Fronde, or the Grand Monarque, yet, at least, the Paris of the Revolution—the actual scenes of events so fascinating in their horror that, when once heard of, they can never be forgotten. Unlike Rome or Jerusalem, Paris can never be wholly a city of the past; but neither can it ever be merely a city of the present. And yet its past is not easy to read, especially on the right bank of the river. The city of London, in spite of the Great Fire, retains more of its old configuration and general character than the older part of Paris, although the islands of the Seine multiply greatly, in favour of the French capital, those natural features which no change can efface. The fact is, that political and æsthetical reasons have combined to urge forward in Paris vast clearances and

improvements, such as convenience is only now dictating to reluctant London, in New Cannon-street and Gresham-street. Above all, without the aid of a Lord Harrowby, our neighbours have lost that infinity of small parochial churches, (there were seventeen in the Ile de la Cité alone) which always distinguished an ancient town, and which, by their crowded and varied spires, still form so characteristic and beautiful a feature of old London. The general result is, that the French city has, upon the whole, a more modern look than our own, although, as M. de Guilhermy's *Itinéraire* will prove, an archæologist or historical student will find in Paris, if properly guided, many more vestiges of antiquity than we can boast of in our own metropolis.

London has never had done for it what M. de Guilhermy has here accomplished for Paris—its existing archæological remains have never been treated as a speciality. And yet in Leigh Hunt's gossiping volumes, *The Town*, and in the more formal compilations of Timbs and Cunningham, we may find the data for a more comprehensive view of its past, social as well as material, than is afforded by the French archæologist. In fact, great as are M. de Guilhermy's knowledge and industry, and his fitness for his present task, his *Itinéraire* is open to the objection of being neither one thing nor the other—neither a general guide-book in which the history of the past assumes its proper importance, nor again (what its title would suggest) exclusively a manual of the speciality of antiquities. Had it been the latter, we should have been spared the fatiguing lists of pictures and statues in the Louvre—had it been the former, his pages would have been enlivened with many more anecdotes and identifications of historical localities. And again, M. de Guilhermy would have made his book far more practically useful had he amended its plan by first giving a complete picture of ancient Paris, and then enumerating and describing the existing remains. As it is, one is never sure, especially in the later sections, whether the author is describing what *has been* or what *is*; and many a person—we speak from experience—may miss seeing some of the most curious relics of antiquity in Paris from want of time, in a hurried visit, to wade through the rather verbose pages of our author's thick volume. It is the greatest of merits in a guide-book to be brief and clear.

To come to more detailed criticism. In the historical parts of this *Itinéraire*, we should be glad to see more references to authorities, and more acknowledgment of the author's obligations to earlier topographical writers, such as Gilles Corrozet, the Père du Breul, Sauval, or his own distinguished contemporary, Lenoir. A due tribute, however, is paid in the preface to the advantages of M. Viollet Le Duc's co-operation. In the technical description of architectural monuments, M. de Guilhermy is diffuse, and seems to want discernment and precision. There is but little collation of documentary evidences of date, and little scientific comparison of the details of architecture. But then it must be confessed that an Englishman, accustomed to the extraordinary skill and acumen of the Cambridge Jacksonian Professor in elucidating the history of a building from internal evidences, is hard to please in this respect. The following is a characteristic and most un-English specimen of M. de Guilhermy's criticism:—

Irrégulière et capricieuse dans sa structure, mais pleine de coquetterie et de mouvement, l'église de Saint-Etienne-du-Mont a l'heureux privilège de charmer les yeux et de séduire les esprits de tous ceux qui préfèrent la variété à la monotonie, le grâce à la correction.—p. 189.

Again, how vague and inadequate—in a book pretending to be scientific—is such a criticism as the following on the Church of Saint-Gervais, a building of the latter part of the fifteenth century!—"L'apside est un peu plus Gothique et plus ornée que la nef!" Oddly enough, however, in describing the details of the Louvre, and particularly the part due to Claude Perrault, the physician-architect, M. de Guilhermy is graphic and forcible. His hatred for the Renaissance added vigour, we presume, to his pen; and yet it must in fairness be said that he deserves credit for speaking both temperately and reasonably, even when denouncing Vandalic alterations or wanton destruction; and, though he always writes as a *déot*, he never becomes bitter or flippant.

It is quite needless to follow M. de Guilhermy in his descriptions of the better known architectural lions of Paris—Notre Dame, the Sainte Chapelle, or the vast Saint-Eustache, to the architectural worth of which latter Church he scarcely does justice. It will be more useful to enumerate some of the churches, wholly or in part mediæval, of which few people know anything at all. Some, indeed, of our readers may have seen the graceful Saint-Séverin, but how few have ever heard of the Pointed nave of Saint-Leu-Saint-Gilles, or of the desecrated refectory of the Collège des Bernardins—a building of two stories and three aisles, and seventeen bays, erected early in the fourteenth century, "as long as the nave of a cathedral, being more than seventy mètres from south to north;" or again, of the elegant apsidal chapel of the Collège de Beauvais, built about 1375; or—still more wonderful, because it is within a stone's throw of the Petit Pont itself—of the triapsidal Transitional Church of Saint-Julien le Pauvre? The Church of Saint-Martin-des-Champs and its refectory are better known, because nearly the whole priory has been turned into the Conservatoire des Arts-et-Métiers, and public attention was called to both these buildings when they were lately restored. But the architect and the antiquary will thank M. de Guilhermy for sending them in

* *Itinéraire Archéologique de Paris.* Par M. F. de Guilhermy, Membre du Comité de la Langue, de l'Histoire et des Arts de la France, et de la Commission des Edifices Religieux. Illustré de 15 gravures sur acier, et de 22 vignettes gravées sur bois, d'après les dessins de M. Charles Fichot. Paris: Bance, Editeur. 1855.

search of mediæval work to Saint-Laurent, Saint-Méry, Saint-Médard (where was the tomb of the deacon Paris), and to a host of domestic remains, which we have not space to enumerate, but of which the tower of the Hôtel de Bourgogne is the most remarkable. A still more curious tower—that of the Commandery of Saint-Jean de Latran—was destroyed only last year, and M. de Guilhermy mentions many other interesting remains of the old time which are daily disappearing. He congratulates himself that the tower of Saint-Jacques de la Boucherie,—now so great an ornament to the new part of the Rue de Rivoli, but so unskillfully restored,—did not come in the way of this Imperial project of street-extension;—*par un bonheur inespéré, la tour Saint-Jacques ne s'est trouvée sur aucun de ces alignements inflexibles que rien ne peut faire dévier.*

Of modern works in the Gothic style, M. de Guilhermy mentions with commendation the chapels of two religious sisterhoods, one in the Rue de Sèvres, and the other in the Rue Notre-Dame des Champs. The illustrations of the present volume, though not particularly well-chosen, are exceedingly well executed; and an archeological plan, showing the *enceinte* of the city under Philip Augustus, Charles V., and Louis XIII., is of great interest and value.

After the examples we have given, it is superfluous to say that M. de Guilhermy will prove a most competent guide to the monuments of Parisian archeology. Few persons, we imagine, have suspected how many treasures of this sort have been preserved; but, for our own part, we could now well believe that many more yet await their discoverer. So many relics has the diligence of M. de Guilhermy brought to light in the precincts of the University, that we should be quite prepared to find some ancient fragments behind every modern wall. The chapters on the old colleges, libraries, and hospitals of Paris are the most novel and the most interesting parts of the book; as, indeed, the whole Quartier Latin, and the vicinage of the Rue des Postes—where the religious houses now congregate—are by far the most picturesque and unmodernized parts of the capital. London has no parallel, that we can call to mind, to this latter district. So out of the way, and so lifeless, and yet not vulgarized, it resembles more some of the lonelier parts of Rome than any other place we can remember. We have no better wish for such of our readers as take interest in the matter of archeology than to send them to those parts of Paris where neither conflagration, nor civil convulsion, nor modern progress, have destroyed the landmarks of an older civilization, in order to examine their architectural remains, with M. de Guilhermy for their guide.

THE WORKS OF PROFESSOR WILSON.*

THE world—both that part of it which remembers the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* as they appeared in *Blackwood*, and that which does not—will, we think, be glad to see them in their collected form. Faults they have, indeed, which are palpable enough. Sometimes they are unnecessarily and offensively coarse; sometimes they are personal to an unjustifiable degree. A spade is not only called a spade, but is described by some still less ceremonious name. The writer's dislikes are as strong as his likings, and are strongly—nay, fiercely—expressed. The old Tory politics may not only in themselves be unpalatable to many readers, but the utterance of them is rough, violent, and unjust. Much that is said may require an indulgence which is readily granted in actual conversation, but which can hardly be claimed by imaginary dialogues, written merely as a means of addressing the public.

But, with all these and other drawbacks, the *Noctes* are a valuable contribution to our literature. They are the effusions of a powerful mind—wide and various in their subject, embracing the current topics of their time, and throwing no small light on its history. They give the impression, in a degree rarely equalled, of being written out of the author's fulness; flowing spontaneously and without effort, and bringing the reader into intercourse, not with a *littérateur* but with a *man*, while yet they are constructed with admirable dramatic skill in the embodiment and discrimination of the persons who take part in them. They beam with wit and humour, with vigorous manly sense, with poetry and eloquence, with criticism at once broad and delicate.

Nor do we hesitate to say that the pervading spirit is noble and generous. There is no smallness or soreness, no petty personal jealousy, no flippant disparagement, no malignity. Christopher North is eager to acknowledge merit in a political opponent. Even while he is holding up some unhappy wight to the derision of all mankind, his own temper is one of thorough kindness and good humour. His fierceness, often as it blazes forth, is reserved for things which could not fail to stir the indignation of such a man—for outrages on what he held sacred, for injustice, for moral or political baseness. The periodical writing of the present day is, no doubt, more scrupulous as to language; but in all that constitutes the essence of fair and honourable criticism, some of its most decorous professors have much to learn from the example of one at whose liberties of remark and illustration they affect to shudder.

* The Works of Professor Wilson, of the University of Edinburgh. Edited by his Son-in-law, Professor Ferrier. Vols. I. and II. *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. Blackwood, 1855.

Perhaps it is something of a misfortune for the literature of our own time that it savours too exclusively of the metropolis. It was otherwise in the first quarter of the century. London had, indeed, its share of literary men, and some—as Moore and Sydney Smith—were Londoners in affection, whatever might be the place of their bodily exile. But with others it was not so. Wordsworth and Southey lived at the Lakes. Coleridge, even while he “sat on Highgate-hill” (as Carlyle describes him), was yet in spirit not of London. Byron and Shelley were in Italy. Crabbe and Bowles were in their country parsonages. Edinburgh boasted of Jeffrey, Stewart, and its other literary Whigs; while its Toryism had such representatives as Scott, Wilson, and Lockhart. The Universities were not then connected with the capital as they now are; and provincial towns could show their Roscoes, their Taylors, their Montgomeries, and other men distinguished in a greater or less degree by literary achievements. But now, almost every man of note or influence in literature belongs to London—by intercourse and tone of mind, if not by habitual residence; and the effect may not be altogether wholesome. Formerly, voices from different quarters met each other in the world of literature; and writers whose daily association was confined to narrow circles were preserved, in great measure or altogether, from the dangerous effect of such circumstances by the knowledge that elsewhere there were men of equal or greater power, whom they must encounter in the public view. Byron's saying, that “London is the place for taking the conceit out of a man,” is, indeed, true in the sense which he intended; but it is not universally true. Large as London is, it is yet but a small part of the world. Large as the literary society of London is, it forms but an exceedingly small part of the whole body of men of letters—which includes writers of the past as well as those now living, and, moreover, is not limited to the writers of books, and pamphlets, and articles, but includes all persons of intellect cultivated by the study of literature, and able to relish its productions. The members even of London literary society may be tempted to look too exclusively to each other, and to think too little of any other standard; it may tend to become something unpleasantly like a *Société pour l'admiration mutuelle*; and it might perhaps be well for literature if Wilson, or some other man of force and influence like his, living at a distance from London, were occasionally to bring a new and independent sense into the circle of our current criticism, by way of correcting, in so far as he might, the natural tendency towards such a result.

We have no room for an analysis of the dialogues contained in the volumes before us—two out of four of which are to be filled by this class of Professor Wilson's writings; nor shall we name any of them as our especial favourites—simply because we like them all. But we may point to the last two in the second volume as containing an element which is not in the others—the addition of the “English Opium-Eater” to the usual trio, North, Tiekler, and Hogg. The editor vouches for the successful imitation of Mr. De Quincey's discourse; and the dialogue between him and the “Shepherd” is vastly amusing. The contrast is very delicately marked between the one, all learning and philosophy, and the other, with his untutored genius and his homely sense—the strength and the weakness of each—their opposite prejudices—their points of contact and their hopeless remoteness from each other—their mutual apprehensions, misunderstandings, and mystifications. By way of sample of the volumes, we may take, with some abridgment, a passage from the last number:—

Shepherd. Hunger's naething till Thrust. Ance in the middle o' the mair o' Rannoch I had near de'd o' thrust. I was crossing frae Loch Erich fit* to the heid o' Glenorchy, and got in among the hags,† that for leagues and leagues a' round that dismal region seem howked out o' the black moss by demons doomed to dreary day's-larget for their sins in the wilderness. There was naething for't but loup—loup—loupin out o' ae pit intil anither—hour after hour—till, sair forfeuchen,§ I fenaally gied myself up for lost. Drought had soaked up the pools, and left their cracked bottoms barked|| in the heat. The heather was shidder as ice, aneath that torrid zone. Sic a sun! No ae clud on a' the sky, glittirin wi' wirewoven sultriness! The howe o' the lift¶ was like a great cawdron pabblin into the boil over a slow fire. The element o' water seemed dried up out o' natur, a' except the big draps o' sweat that plashed down on my fevered hauns that began to trundle like leaves o' aspen. My mouth was made o' cork covered wi' dust—lips, tongue, palate, and a', down till my throat and stamack. I spak—and the arid soun was as if a buried corpse had tried to mutter through the smotherin mauls. I thoct on the tongue of a parrot. The central lands o' Africa, whare lions gang ragin mad for water, when cheated out o' blood, canna be worse—dreamed I in a species o' delirium—than this dungeon'd desert. Oh! but a drap o' dew would hae seem'd then pregnant wi' salvation!—a shower out o' the windows o' heaven, like the direct gift o' God. Rain! Rain! Rain!—what a world o' life in THAT sma' word! But the atmosphere look'd as if it would never melt mair, intrenched against a' liquidity by brazen barriers brennin in the sun. Spittle I had nane—and when in desperation I soaked the heather, 'twas frush and fushionless, as if withered by lichtnin, and a' sap had left the vegetable creation. What'n a cursed fule was I—for in rage I fear I swore inwardly (Heav'n forgie me!) that I didna at the last change-house put into my pouch a bottle o' whisky! I fan' my pulse—and it was thin—thin—thin—sma'—sma'—sma'—noo nane ava—and then a flutter that telt tales o' the exhausted heart. I grat.** Then shame came to my relief—shame even in that utter solitude. Somewhere or ither in the mair I knew there was a loch, and I took out my map. But the infernal idiat that had planned it hadna alood a yellow circle o' aboon six inches square for a' Perthshire. What's become o' a' the birds—thocht I—and the bees—and the butterflies—and the dragons?—a' waddin their bills and their proboscises in far-off rills, and rivers, and lochs! O blessed wild-dyucks, plonterin in the water, streakin theirsels up, and flappin their flashin plumage in the pearly freshness! A great big speeder, wi' a bag-

* Foot.
§ Fatigued.

† Pits whence peat has been dug.
|| Hardened. ¶ Hollow of the sky.

‡ Day's labours.
** Wept.

belly, was rinnin up my leg, and I crushed it in my fierceness—the first insect I ever wantonly murdered sin! I was a wean. I kenna whether at last I swarfed or slept—but for certain sure I had a dream. I dreamt that I was at home—and that a tub o' why was staunin on the kitchen dresser. I dook'd my head intil't,* and sooked it dry to the wood. Yet it slokened not my thrust, but aggravated a thousand-fauld the torment o' my greed. A thunder-plump or water-spout brak among the hills—and in an instant a' the burns were on spate;† the Yarrow roarin red, and foaming as it were mad, and I thoct I could hae drucken up a' its linns. 'Twas a brain fever, ye see, sirs, that had stricken me—a sair stroke—and I was conscious again o' lyin broad awake in the desert, wi' my face up to the cruel sky. I was the verra personification o' thrust! Suddenly, like a man shot in battle, I bounded up into the air—and ran off in the convulsive energy o' dyin natur—till down I fell—and felt that I was indeed about to expire. A sweet soft celestial greenness cooled my cheek as I lay, and my burnin een—and then a gleam o' something like a mighty diamond—a gleam that seemed to comprehend within itsel the haill universe—shone in upon and through my being. I gazed upon't wi' a' my senses. Mercifu! Heaven! what was 't but—a WELL in the wilderness: water—water—water—and as I drank, I prayed!

In conclusion, we wish to speak with deserved praise of Professor Ferrier's labours as editor. The text is carefully printed; the notes are generally sufficient, without being obtrusive. But as to those of a glossarial kind, it seems to us that explanation is often given where it is not needed, and is sometimes withheld where the need is real. A reader who does not require to be told that a *tramp* means a *wandering beggar*, that *dinna* means *do not*—or that in Mr. Hogg's pronunciation *features* become *feturs*, *bonny feedy* means *bond fide*, and *avka furtis is aqua fortis*—might be puzzled by such unexplained words as *foush* and *spate* in the preceding extract—by *cavin*, or *dichtin*, and by the comparison of a certain baronet to "a pig plottin."

* Quenched.

† Flood.

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